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The Shape of Things

MANY MONTHS AGO, ELIZABETH T. BENTLEY, self-confessed Russian agent, told her lurid story of wartime espionage in Washington to the Federal Grand Jury which has recently indicted twelve Communist leaders. It is obvious that the FBI has been unable to secure proof of her allegations that would stand up in court: otherwise, the twelve Communists would have been charged with espionage instead of, or as well as, conspiracy to overthrow the government. And surely, the public officials named by Miss Bentley as her collaborators would have been arrested. But while the Department of Justice was unprepared to risk presenting the "spy queen" as a witness, it was not averse to the publication of her history. That, of course, helps to create a favorable atmosphere for prosecuting what looked like a rather weak case against the Communist leaders. It also served as a straight tip to Congressional investigators to uncover Miss Bentley's anonymity and afford her an opportunity to have her smears published on the front pages of every newspaper. Among the victims of this procedure are Lauchlin Currie, former executive assistant to President Roosevelt, and Dr. Harry White, former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. Under examination, Miss Bentley admitted she had had no direct contact with either; the confidential information they supplied to her was transmitted through third parties. To anyone acquainted with the records of Mr. Currie and Dr. White, such wanton charges hardly seem worth the dignity of denial. In these hysterical times, however, the wildest accusations can prove damaging. We can only hope that this particularly flavored example of "privileged" slander will provoke a loud public demand that Congress and the Department of Justice stop aiding and abetting mud-slingers and act to protect the reputations of innocent citizens.

*

AN AGREEMENT BETWEEN PAUL G. HOFFMAN, E. R. P. administrator, and Sir Stafford Cripps, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, for the establishment of an Anglo-American council to advise on methods of increasing British industrial efficiency, has raised an unexpected storm in London. The *Daily Worker,* in strange alliance with the imperialist *Daily Express* and the *Daily Telegraph,* chief organ of the Tory opposition, has attacked this modest proposal as an insult to British intelligence. The *Daily Express,* using adjectives like "shameful" and "humiliating," suggests that British industry has nothing to learn from anyone, an attitude that few British industrialists are now likely to indorse. The *Daily Telegraph* damns the plan as a defeatist one that implies "we must be put into semi-tutelage in order to accelerate the pace." It is easy to discern that a good deal of the feeling being engendered is synthetic; the opposition thinks it has found a good nationalist stick with which to beat the government. But the incident should warn us to be careful about the manner in which we offer criticism and advice to other countries. We must remember that industrial methods successful in the United States are not necessarily applicable under different conditions. Moreover, as a matter of tactics, and tact, we might well propose that the new council operate on a reciprocal basis. There is quite a lot, particularly about labor relations, that we can learn from British industry.

*

THE MOST HOPEFUL SIGN FOR THE SUCCESS of the E. R. P. that has appeared since it went into effect is the news from Geneva—in a dispatch by Michael L. Hoffman to the New York *Times*—that a large-scale conference is being prepared to seek an expansion of trade between Eastern and Western Europe. Western European nations, with the sole exception of Germany, are now well ahead of their pre-war level of industrial production. Their principal difficulty has been to find the dollars necessary to buy essential commodities from the Western Hemisphere. Those dollars are now being supplied under the E. R. P. until such time as Western Europe is fully restored to internal stabilization and a productive capacity supporting a favorable balance of trade. But if Western Europe can obtain more food, coal, potash, and other raw products from Eastern Europe, in return for manufactured products, it will soon require less artificial injection of dollars. Before the war, the value of East-West trade in Europe approached $2 billion annually. About twice that amount, at present price levels, is scheduled in the studies on which the recovery program is based. Thus far, post-war East-West trade has been a mere trickle. While

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Editor and Publisher: Freda Kirchwey
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Business & Advertising Manager: Hugo Van Arx
Director of Nation Associates: Lillie Shultz

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part of the trouble has been the lack of an exportable surplus in the East, another part is the political barrier between Communist-controlled and non-Communist countries. The exigencies of survival, it would appear, are now making it necessary to establish economic agreements despite political barriers. The biggest problem of East-West trade is that of Germany itself. Can economic barriers between the Soviet and Western zones be torn down? That depends on the success of the effort to settle diplomatically the great split which now is the focus of fears of war. The chance of success in any negotiations on Germany would certainly be enhanced if more trade flowed through and around its borders.

✶

MAYOR O'DWYER'S REFUSAL TO AUTHORIZE a public hearing on the banning of *The Nation* was not unexpected. None the less, it was shocking to see him wash his hands of the whole troublesome affair on the unconvincing ground that an appeal had been taken by *The Nation* to the State Commissioner of Education. The Mayor did not disclaim responsibility when his Welfare Department was under fire. Instead, he took swift action to steal the thunder from a threatened state investigation. Since he appoints the members of the Board of Education, his obligation to New York City's school children must surely be as great as to the needy and the ill. How, then, can he justify his failure to act in this instance? Is it possible that ponderous pressure is being brought to bear on the Mayor to avoid the settlement of this dispute by a democratic procedure? Archibald MacLeish, chairman of the Ad Hoc Committee, has made these points in a letter to the Mayor repeating the request for an open hearing. Other moves by the committee include supporting our appeal to the Commissioner, renewed protests against the ban to the Board of Education and its creature, the Board of Superintendents, and the organization of a committee-sponsored public hearing in the fall, should the ban still be in force. Further, the committee has initiated the drafting of a statement of principles to serve as a guide for the selection of reading material for the public-school system. All these activities require much time and effort and certain unavoidable expenses. We urge our readers to read the Ad Hoc Committee's appeal for funds on the center pages of this issue, and to respond in a manner that will demonstrate their unshakeable conviction that this is a fight which must be won.

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TECHNOCRACY, INC., IS ONCE MORE IN THE headlines on the West Coast. Recently, 400 automobiles which brought 2,500 Technocrats to San Francisco from all parts of the country paraded through the streets in a forty-nine-mile tour of the Bay Area. The cars were

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painted gray and carried the circular red and gray symbol of Technocracy. The parade and demonstration were part of the new "symbolizing" tactics by which the movement hopes to propagate its ideas. Local headquarters in San Francisco are known as "12237-1 Technocracy." The "122" stands for 122 West Longitude and the "37" for 37 North Latitude and also for the 37 coordinates in the area; the "1" signifies that the San Francisco office is the first in the area. Under the Technocratic dispensation, money will be replaced by energy certificates, and persons betwen twenty-five and forty-five will work four hours a day, four days a week, about six months of the year; other people will be free to do whatever they wish. Following the invasion of San Francisco, the caravan moved south to Los Angeles, where a mass-meeting was held and Howard Scott launched a strenuous attack on the Marshall Plan. The reappearance of the gray and red symbols of Technocracy revives memories of the great upsurge of the movement in Southern California in 1932. Perhaps the current demonstration is a harbinger of things to come.

Palestine and Politics

WHETHER it turns out to be successful or not, Mr. Truman's Congressional program is a risky, even a desperate, plan of action. It was forced upon the President by the combined pressure of inflation and the Wallace campaign, and its results may be evident only in November.

The bold character of his tactics on domestic policy, however, makes his continued indecision and timidity in international affairs even more puzzling. Why should he defy the bourbons of both parties in Congress with a strong, if not wholly consistent, anti-inflation policy while avoiding action on Palestine, which would accord both with his own announced views and his party's platform? Here, he has a chance to act without tossing his program into the Congressional silo; here, he can do what the Republicans can only propose doing. Here is a campaign issue on which Mr. Truman cannot justly be accused of insincerity since he has taken, in words at least, a clear position. With all his hesitations, he has a retrievable record on Palestine and need not ask Congress to salvage it for him.

His silence on this issue, the refusal of the United States to support Israel's admission to the United Nations, the abstention of the United States in the vote on Syria's resolution to submit the Palestine case to the International Court—all indicate that Mr. Truman is likely to go on stalling. Since this makes no sense politically, much less morally, it can only be explained by the continued pressure from State Department officials who remain frozen in their old concept of American interests in the Middle East and the sort of policy that will best support them. In defense of this concept, these officials are obviously trying to keep the issue open as far as America is concerned until the General Assembly meets in September, when Count Bernadotte expects to present a proposal for solving the Palestine problem in a manner "satisfactory to both Arabs and Jews"—that is, by selling out partition and the Jewish state.

As we have previously said, the U. N. mediator was given no power to invent new solutions; the November 29 resolution still stands and Bernadotte's functions of mediation are limited by that decision. But legality aside, a number of solid facts argue against further temporizing on the part of the President.

The first is the success of Jewish arms. Let no one minimize the significance of the Israeli advances that were halted by the truce. Another couple of weeks of fighting might well have seen the collapse of the Arab attack. If the truce ends, nothing can save the invaders except outside intervention, military and diplomatic. The final disaster to their prestige and that of their British protectors was the failure of the Arab Legion to make good its assault on Jerusalem or to hold Lydda and Ramleh. One would think that even the State Department might be affected by such eloquent evidence of the miscalculations on which its policy was based.

The second fact for the President to consider is a corollary to the first: Israel is now a going concern, Mr. Bevin to the contrary notwithstanding. The reopening of the great Haifa refineries is only one of many evidences of effective administrative control which have wiped out every formal justification for delay in recognizing and helping the new state. Another sign of its growing strength was Foreign Minister Shertok's assertion that Israel would deal directly with the Arabs and that the government would demand reparations from the aggressor states for losses suffered by the Palestinian Arabs as well as by the Jews. These facts, together with all that has gone before, should be enough to convince the President that, principle apart, nothing will be gained by further knuckling under to the State Department.

Only now, not later, can Mr. Truman reap political benefits from doing the decent thing in Palestine. To procrastinate until the General Assembly takes up the question this fall will be to forfeit all possibility of assuming leadership. Neither the President nor the Democratic Party will win votes for good intentions that remain buried in a platform plank while compromise and delay direct the day-to-day policy of the Administration.

For practical reasons and reason of principle alike, the President should, without delay, give *de jure* recognition to Israel; authorize a loan to the new government; and sponsor Israel's admission to the United Nations, persuading the doubtful members of the Council that the United States seriously desires favorable action.

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A Program for the Special Session

THE special session of Congress, according to the manifesto of the Republican leaders, was called by the President "solely as a political maneuver." We have never understood why American politicians should foul their own nests by invariably giving the word "politics" an opprobrious connotation. Political maneuvers are a necessary part of the strategy of democracy, and the fact that they are designed to benefit one party at the expense of another does not inevitably condemn them. Judgment of any particular maneuver should turn on the question of whether it raises real issues of importance to the citizenry.

It is, of course, undeniable that Mr. Truman summoned the special session for the purpose of furthering his own candidacy and the fortunes of his party. He believes this purpose will be served by calling attention in a dramatic manner to the sins of omission of his opponents, particularly in regard to civil rights, housing, and inflation. The elections will show whether he is right or wrong on this score. But we think it is all to the good that the Republicans should be forced to debate these issues as the campaign begins. If Mr. Truman's maneuver succeeds in keeping the vital issues of civil rights, high prices, and the housing shortage well to the fore from now to November, it will have been amply justified, even though, as seems all too likely, the special session proves entirely barren of legislation.

It does not follow from our support of the President's action that we are prepared to accept his program uncritically. He would have been wiser, we think, to have made it shorter and simpler. By so doing, he would have put the Republicans more definitely on the spot: as it is, they have some ground for their complaint that he has asked for a volume of legislation that could not possibly be enacted in a short session. However, there are certain measures on which inaction will be inexcusable, the outstanding example being the Taft-Ellender-Wagner housing bill. Both houses have held exhaustive committee hearings on this bill and it has been approved by the Senate in the regular session. Almost certainly, it would also have passed the House but for the ukase of Representative Leo R. Allen, chairman of the Rules Committee, who kept it from reaching the floor.

The President's demand that the Taft-Ellender-Wagner bill should be passed forthwith is unassailable and, if it tactlessly illuminates division in the Republican ranks, they have themselves to blame. In their manifesto, their leaders assert that this measure, which has had bipartisan sponsorship, would now add to the inflation of building costs since present construction activity "practically exhausts materials and labor available." That may be true but, if so, it points up the President's request for authority to allocate scarce commodities. A large part of the building now in progress consists of luxury apartments, high-priced houses, and non-essential commercial construction. In order to provide homes for those that need them most, the administration should be in a position to channel building materials to low-cost rental projects.

Power to allocate scarce commodities and to control inventories is, to our mind, one of the most important and practical of the President's proposals. Firmly used, such authority, in conjunction with a tighter rein on credit, would do much to reduce the inflationary pressure. Moreover, control of the use of key materials would not require an immense administrative apparatus.

Abandonment of the OPA was a tragic error for which both President and Congress bear responsibility. Now, the reconstruction of a machine capable of exercising even "selective" control over prices is a task that would take many months. The practical difficulties are multiplied by the fact that, in the case of some commodities, it would not be safe to fix prices in the absence of rationing. Price ceilings on meat, for instance, would surely cause supplies to disappear into the black market unless rationing were also enforced.

One of the most effective anti-inflationary actions which Congress could take would be a recision of the tax cuts it voted last spring. This would not only reduce effective purchasing power, particularly in the higher income brackets, but would restore a budget surplus which could be used to reduce short-term federal debt, and so help the authorities to check the expansion of credit. We regret, therefore, that Mr. Truman failed to suggest this step. It is true that, had he done so, Congress would certainly have refused to take it; tax cuts were a down payment for contributors to the Republican campaign fund. But the refusal of both parties to face the disagreeable necessity for increasing personal taxes is just one example of the difficulty of carrying out a realistic anti-inflation program at any time, and particularly in an election year. Inflation harms more people than it benefits but most of its victims are inarticulate and unorganized while those who would be adversely affected by disinflationary measures are represented by powerful and vocal pressure groups. Until our politicians have the courage to face facts and buck such pressure groups, inflation is likely to continue unimpeded until it plunges us into the catastrophe of uncontrollable deflation.

J. A. del Vayo, The Nation's *European Editor, has returned to France. After a short vacation, he will resume his weekly political comment.*

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The Wallace Party

BY HOWARD K. SMITH

Washington, July 29

THE founding convention of the Progressive Party offered infinite opportunities for snide reporting. A youthful naiveté was its superficially dominant characteristic. Do-goodism was rampant. Underdogs and minorities were so fervently championed that one sometimes feared the great majority would be forgotten. Scanning the forest of posters in the hall, the eye jarred against exotic slogans like, "Armenia to the Armenians"; it was impossible not to wonder how many Middle-Western pulses would rise to correct that manifest injustice come November. Once, a gangling youth next to me in the hall invited his girl to a hot-dog, saying, as if to clinch the case in favor of nourishment, "The concession is union-organized." Outside, while waiting for a cab, a colored delegate nudged me and said, "Don't take a yellow; they're monopoly. Take an independent." With the feeling of one plucked from the jaws of unconscious sin in the nick of time, I did.

The brilliant showmanship of the proceedings betrayed many of those marks generally attributed to slick Communist back-staging. Clever catch-phrases ("Wallace or War," "Truman's tired talking over international differences; we're tired dying over them," "Warren's an independent—independent of the voters who elected him") peppered speeches that had patently been written by masters of the insidiously unforgettable cliché. The songs—which were the best part of a generally terrific show—were so contagious that I once caught a die-hard Republican acquaintance whistling one whose words, although he did not know it, went, "The one thing I just cannot take is a mustache bigger than a candidate." On sale at the hall was a pamphlet to which I hereby award my citation for the best-titled-political-pamphlet-of-the-year: a cogent program of liberal legislation called "How to Beat Wallace." There were cruder marks too: A plank in the platform favoring independence for Macedonia (a mean vote-winner, that!) was discovered and killed with embarrassing haste. An independent Macedonia, it need hardly be recalled, while it has long been a desideratum of leftists opposed to the Greek government, has also been a pet project of the recently discredited Tito.

The hero of the party, Henry A. Wallace, turned out to be a Ding caricature of his awkward self. His pre-convention press conference—in which he lent momentum to the vicious propaganda based on the "Guru letters" by refusing to answer questions about them and insulted some competent reporters by calling them "stooges"—should be made into a handbook for politicians on how not to handle press conferences.

The usual argument against the Wallace party—that is, that it consists of a malaprop chief and a mass of malleable youth, manipulated by a Communist minority—seems to me, after the Philadelphia convention, inadequate to explain the Wallace phenomenon. It may be relevant to add that I am not a Wallaceite and that, after a long assignment in Europe, this was my first head-on contact with the Progressive Party. My personal view has been that the Wallace break-away from the Democratic Party, splitting the American liberal movement in a period of deepening reaction, was a mistake. Since Philadelphia, however, I have begun to wonder. My tendency while there to look first for all that is vulnerable in the movement was, I am convinced, a predisposition caused mainly by the fact that all one can read about the Progressives in 99 per cent of the American press emphasizes nothing else. As a matter of fact, the Philadelphia demonstration, by its own quantity and quality and by the amazing reaction to it of its enemies, indicated that the new party has far deeper roots in American realities than it has been given credit for.

The massive demonstration at Shibe Park, where the two candidates delivered their acceptance speeches, just about doubled past records for attendance at American political conventions. The throng there certainly was not affluent. It included hundreds who had hitch-hiked to the convention; scores who lived in tent-towns on the convention-hall parking lot (the lot itself, significantly, was almost empty of the cars that overflowed it during the other two conventions). Yet this gathering, I am told, poured around $75,000 into the Progressive Party kitty that one evening. These rule-of-thumb statistics of devotion were of course only the visible part of the iceberg. In the course of the convention, numerous delegates rose to announce the numbers of certified signatures they had collected to petitions to put the party on the ticket in various states. I have not seen the exact tally of signatories, but I understand it runs into millions.

And these millions who have signed are only the solid core of the movement. The most impressve index of its potential support was what occurred beyond Philadelphia during the week of the convention. The week's news from New York and Washington—read in snatches between proceedings—sounded like a memorandum on

HOWARD K. SMITH, chief of the European news staff of the Columbia Broadcasting System, covered the Progressive Party convention as an observer for C. B. S.

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fighting issues for the Progressives: for instance, the indictment of the American Communist leaders on a charge that could have been made any time within the last and next ten years. There seems little room for doubt that its announcement was made to coincide with the convention, in order to cast discredit on the movement in its moment of widest publicity. Likewise, President Truman's beaming assurance to a press conference that peace chances were excellent—seconded by the two men whose words on the subject count most: chief policy-maker George Marshall, and Berlin commander Lucius Clay—appeared calculated to rob the "Wallace-or-War" cry of its conviction. For weeks previous, neither the President nor the State Department had done anything to belie press talk about the possibility of American armored columns shooting their way through to Berlin; and the week of the President's announcement, the crisis in Berlin actually sharpened. Events like these, added to the Democratic Party's new vigor in favor of civil rights, were a flattering indication of the Progressive Party's vote-winning potential.

It seems impossible to dismiss, by calling them deluded liberals, the very many people who, according to all indications, will vote for Wallace and Taylor. When one considers that, in addition to the constant pressure of press and radio, direct intimidation and occasional violence have been applied to discourage support for Wallace, its quantity and devotion becomes remarkable.

THE most impressive feature of the convention was, however, not its quantity but its quality. At the Big Two conventions, discussion and decision were on personalities. At the Progressive Party convention, they were on issues. That fact alone raised it several degrees above its predecessors on the scale of intelligence. For a gathering reported to consist mainly of cranks and crackpots, the discussion itself was highly intelligent. With allowance for a degree of demagoguery—which all politicians of all parties in all three conventions have employed in fairly equal measure—speeches, like platform, had generally the ring of truth. Words that had been, at the Big Two conventions, fuzzy, vague, and, like old Fighting Bob Fitzsimmon's padded tights, intended to camouflage rather than reveal, reassumed their meaning and fit realities with a fresh snugness—even if the policies they described were frequently debatable. As the New York *Star* put it, you may not agree with some of the Progressive platform, but at least you need not be a professor of semantics to translate it into real language.

Whenever the convention seemed to become ridiculous or theoretical, events beyond the hall corrected that impression forthwith, as if by agreement between the Progressives and their enemies. On the evening that Charles Howard, chairman *pro tem* of the opening sessions, labeled the major parties "carbon copies," New York papers arrived containing stories about rumored Republican and Democratic plans to drop differences and make common campaign against new-party candidates in districts of New York City. The same day, Mr. Dewey publicly reaffirmed his support for the bi-partisan foreign policy and a syndicated columnist predicted the special session of Congress would be frustrated by the legislators, not of one, but of both big parties. The day the plank on nationalization of monopoly industries was nailed into the Progressive platform, an acquaintance of mine on the platform committee asked for my opinion on it, on grounds that I have had first-hand experience with British experiments in nationalization. I told him I considered it doctrinaire and likely to please a lot of college seniors in economics but far removed from present American urgencies. The following day, my error and the platform committee's sound judgment were attested to by as respectable and informed a source as possible: the Federal Trade Commission released a report on the alarming growth of monopolies in America, stating, "Either the giant corporations will ultimately take over the country, or the government will be impelled to step in and impose some form of direct regulation in the public interest."

THE one bad lapse from reality was in the realm of foreign affairs. The implication that Russia is blameless for the miserable state of international relations is manifestly absurd. Asking America to give up the bomb, abandon the draft, and make territorial withdrawals abroad with no specific and enforceable guarantees from Russia will grate on the ears of responsible voters and certainly lose the Wallace movement more of its potential supporters than anything else.

Even in this realm, however, the Progressive convention put its finger on vital realities that the other parties have sedulously avoided. It pointed to the truth that, after three years of occupation, 60 per cent of the judgeships and most of the key industrial posts in the western zones of Germany are back in the hands of Nazis. It is in posts like these, not in emphemeral political appointments, that real, permanent social power resides. These facts, indicating that our social policy in Germany is wrong, are of the first significance, and provide justification for much of the hostility toward us of the Eastern European countries that suffered most from Nazism. Only the Wallace party is keeping these facts—so important in explaining the deterioration of world relations—before the public.

Only the Wallace party, also, is keeping before the public one of the most suspicious contradictions in American foreign policy: the fact that, while professing support for the United Nations, our principal action in the outside world, the E. R. P., is administered, not by the U. N., but by the State Department. From this thought, it is but

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few steps to the suspicion that our aims may be less broadly international than narrowly national, pervaded less by the cooperative spirit of Wendell Willkie than by the imperial spirit of Henry Luce; and that we support the U. N. when it fits these ends, but by-pass it when it does not.

In general, with all its repellent features, the Wallace convention shot some hearty gusts of air through the dusty furnishings of current American political thought and speech. The experience brightens in perspective while watching the two big parties assemble in Congress here this week, dodging and hiding the issues of the day more sedulously than ever. If, in the coming week, they provide no better tokens of their ability to change the obvious drift toward depression and war, American liberals might consider abandoning the effort to recapture the Democratic Party and start trying to recapture the Progressive Party.

By Radio from Yugoslavia:

Tito, the Unrepentant

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Belgrade, July 27

THIS is an extravagant situation. The loudly heralded Communist Congress of Yugoslavia has now been sitting for several days. Every ten minutes or so, the Congress breaks into loud cheering and shouts, "Hero Tito, Hero Tito!" while Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin look down from an overhead banner. In the main streets of Belgrade, there are pictures of Tito, Lenin, and Stalin everywhere. From these outward tokens of love and affection for Moscow, you would think that Yugoslavia was the most blue-eyed of all the blue-eyed boys in the Eastern bloc, and that Poland, for example, where you cannot see a picture of Stalin for miles, is positively reactionary by comparison. Yet it is Yugoslavia and not Poland that gets hell from the Cominform.

The world was astounded by the Cominform's blast at Tito on June 29. Dispatches from Vienna during the following week were breathless: "Forty-eight hours have passed and Tito hasn't crawled to Moscow on his belly—he must do it in the next few days." He has not done it and doesn't intend to do it. And the joke is that, inside Yugoslavia—where very few outside voices ever reach and where it is difficult to obtain foreign newspapers, even Moscow newspapers—the illusion was kept up for three solid weeks that the Cominform had made a mistake. The Soviet government and beloved Comrade Stalin were still heart and soul with Yugoslavia and the Yugoslav people and Tito.

It is true there were difficulties. The food situation in the towns is difficult. The Five-Year Plan is not going nearly so well as many imagine. It went well for the first couple of years, when wonders were performed—with aid from UNRRA—by muscular strength and profound patriotic enthusiasm. This enthusiasm was, to be sure, largely Boy Scout stuff dressed up as "early thirties U. S. S. R.-Komsomol" zeal. Roads and bridges were repaired, houses rebuilt, factories thrown up. Now it is a problem of getting the machinery into them. The machinery must come from Russia or Czechoslovakia or it must come from America. If it doesn't, then Yugoslavia might well decide to go easy, slow up on exports, and wait for better times.

Tito is sensitive to his countrymen's desire for breathing space. The future of the Five-Year Plan was at the root of his conflict with Hebrang, who is now in jail and accused of everything under the sun—from being a Ustashi agent during the war to being a saboteur of the Five-Year Plan and one of the Cominform's misinformers.

This is a peasant country, and its industrialization would, under present conditions, impose great sacrifices. From Russia's standpoint, there is much truth in the Cominform accusation that Yugoslavia is not consciously building up a great working-class tradition. In Tito's view, there are no material possibilities for it. Significant in this respect was Djilas's statement to the Congress that 29 per cent of the Communists are workers and 50 per cent peasants. The Yugoslav Communist Party, like everything Yugoslav, is essentially peasant—and freeholder peasant. The army is also peasant, and commanded by officers who are peasant and 89 per cent Communist. Of course, among some intellectuals of the Belgrade University and among the few Moscow-trained Communists and full-fledged Marxists there has been much soul-searching since the Cominform row started. But your rank-and-file Yugoslav Communist is primarily a peasant and a soldier. It is therefore no wonder that Tito de-

ALEXANDER WERTH, who left London for Belgrade just before the opening of the Yugoslav Communist Congress, will spend several months in Yugoslavia and then make a trip through other Balkan nations. His uncensored series of articles on the Soviet Union is continued this week on page 156.

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voted nine-tenths of his eight-hour discourse before the Congress to the glorious war-time achievements of the Communist Party and Yugoslav people, leaving his rather conciliatory polemics on the Soviet Communist Party to the very end. That's the sort of guys we are, the Yugoslav party's ideological chief said in effect, and who are the Rakosis and Hungarian Communist riff-raff to talk like this to us, brought in, as they were, "from abroad, in airplanes, smoking their pipes."

Here, of course, the whole Yugoslav mentality is entirely different from the Russian. The Russian line has been to forget about the Soviet war record and self-glorification. The poet Alexei Nedogonov recently received the Stalin Prize for his poem, "Flag Over a Soviet Village," which tells the story of demobilized soldiers coming home to their native village. Its most salient line was: "If you don't get on with your farming job, we spit on all your war medals." But the Yugoslavs, reading only their own papers and listening only to their own radio, were convinced that the Cominform was misinformed and had in turn misinformed the Soviet government. That the Cominform attack was worded in a manner to infuriate everybody in the country is undeniable, and here one can easily detect the extravagantly vicious style of Comrade Zhdanov, egged on, moreover, by sundry Hungarians and Rumanians who hate the Yugoslavs, not least for the praise they have been receiving, until recently, from the Russians. Last March, for instance, the Cominform's own Professor Yudin said that Yugoslavia was "advancing with giant strides toward socialism."

The Cominform's savage communique also partly bears out the theory that Stalin has largely delegated his powers to Zhdanov and has become an "elder statesman."

ON THE fifth day of the Congress, something happened—wham!—which infuriated every delegate but was also an eye-opener. This was the "*Pravda* incident." A steering-committee member rose to read to the assembly *Pravda's* Belgrade report, in which the Yugoslav leaders were treated as a bunch of gunmen who had arrested doubtful party members before the Congress convened, and terrorized the delegates into accepting every resolution proposed by Tito and his lieutenants. When this was recited, pandemonium broke loose. The *Pravda* correspondent, Borzenko, who—unlike us bourgeois journalists—was privileged to attend the Congress, was nearly beaten up, and there was a loud demand to "throw the S. O. B. out."

The significance of the incident lies in the fact that, while it may still be possible to dissociate the great Stalin from the Cominform, it is impossible to dissociate him from *Pravda*. In other words, Tito's men and their followers now know that the Soviet government is opposed to the present Yugoslav regime.

It is a formidable game that is being played between Tito and the Soviet Union. A powerful propaganda drive against Tito is sweeping the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. There is no doubt that there is the deepest need, in Soviet eyes, for such a drive. "Titoism" was becoming a menace to the unity of the Communist parties of Eastern Europe. Tito, representing the "revolt against Moscow," was tending to become the hero of all rank-and-file Communists who resent the excessive *gleichschaltung* of their countries by the Russians —and these, Heaven knows, are numerous, especially in Czechoslovakia and Poland. When I was in Prague a month ago, a dyed-in-the-wool Czech Communist uttered this ominous phrase: "Tito's not a Communist. Tito's a soldier. Remember Tukhachevsky?"

But Tito is Yugoslavia's national hero, and Yugoslavs generally like to think in such terms. An Ana Pauker at the head of the Yugoslav government is unthinkable. Tito, it seems, is determined to give the people easier living conditions, and never mind about ultra-rapid industrialization, much less collectivization. "The Russians want to collectivize you, and Tito won't allow it" is likely to be the next propaganda line addressed to the Yugoslav people, and *that* will go down well!

As things look at present, Tito can keep full control of the Yugoslav people and so far there is no sign of any possible opposition. At the same time, the Russians are determined to get rid of Tito. How will they do it?

There is much pro-Russian feeling in the country. A blatant switch-over to the West is psychologically impossible for Tito as well as for the Yugoslav people. But he is taking his precautions. It is not particularly significant that he should have received the former Governor of California, Cuthbert Olson, and told him that Yugoslavia is most eager for trade with America if there are no political strings attached, and that Yugoslavia is right and time would vindicate it. But it is significant that the reception of Olson and the statement to Olson should be made right in the middle of the Communist Congress. And Olson, I am sure, left Belgrade with the impression that Tito is a marvelous man and Yugoslavia most deserving of Marshall aid.

The Russians, clearly, are very unlikely to make peace with Tito now. They would like to undermine him within Yugoslavia, but can they? Tito has three choices. He can keep up the pretense that he is Stalin's friend; he can try to maintain an uneasy balance between East and West, with a constantly growing tendency to increase trade with the West while still nominally belonging to the Eastern bloc, despite all the anathemas; or he can finally go all out for Marshall Plan aid, "for the good of the Yugoslav people"—a line that would be most difficult to put across except that UNRRA remains, to this day, one of Yugoslavia's happier post-war memories.

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The Russians, on the other hand, have their own great problem: as long as Tito is in power, the threat of "Titoism" spreading throughout Europe—calling him gunman or Tukhachevsky will not, perhaps, make much difference—may be the biggest threat that has faced the whole Eastern European Russian system. It would not be so dangerous to the Soviets if living conditions in Rumania, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia were improving under Communist governments, but they are not. If I were the Soviet leader, and was not quite sure I could impose a new government in Yugoslavia, I would try to make at least a temporary peace with the Yugoslav leadership. But perhaps the Russians have something up their sleeves we do not know about.

July 30

THE Congress adjourned on a conciliatory note. The resolutions adopted toward the end—recommending greater self-criticism inside the party, intensified Marxist-Leninist teaching, greater "association of the masses with the peoples' work" (meaning, presumably, less secrecy in party activities)—seemed calculated to meet many of the Cominform's criticisms. But some characteristically Yugoslav features remained: emphasis on the importance of the study of Tito's writings, and on the necessity of rural cooperation, with no mention of collectivization.

Some Yugoslav Communists seemed rather shaken by the *Pravda* episode. Moshe Pijade made a moderate speech refraining from his earlier sarcasms and wisecracks about Rakosi, Pauker, and Dimitrov. And, Kardelj, undoubtedly with an eye to the future, admitted that many mistakes had been made. A curious sequel has been the somewhat mysterious appearance in various places of the texts of three letters violently criticizing the Yugoslav leadership, written during March, April, and May by the Central Committee of the U. S. S. R. Communist Party to the Yugoslav party. These texts, in Serbian, were printed in Moscow. The Russians had complained that the letters had been suppressed by the Yugoslavs. Tito replied that they had not been published only because they were marked "strictly confidential." Now, the *Pravda* printing press is making sure that the Yugoslav people will read the letters. This may be the beginning of the anti-Tito Soviet press campaign inside Yugoslavia.

At the opening of the Danube conference today, predominantly Communist governments had very strong representation: Vyshinsky for Russia, Pauker for Rumania, Klementis for Czechoslovakia. These bigwigs have not come to Belgrade simply to discuss pilotage, harbor dues, and barges.

Malaya: Besieged "Dollar Arsenal"

BY ANDREW ROTH

Singapore, July

IN MALAYA today, the cold war is no longer cold. Two armies face each other on this rich jungle peninsula of Southeast Asia, each determined to wipe out the other. The Communist terrorists have promised to overthrow the whole structure of British rule here, and assassinated more than two score European planters and Chinese contractors in the first three weeks of their campaign. In probably the sharpest language used by a British statesman in many years, Britain's Commissioner-General, Malcolm MacDonald, demanded, on July 6, that these "murderers" be "exterminated." Stringent emergency regulations have been proclaimed and more than a thousand alleged or suspected Communist terrorists have been arrested since June 15.

There are about 5,000 armed Communists here, mostly hard-bitten veterans of the Malayan Peoples' Anti-Japanese guerrilla army. They are using many of the hide-outs they employed during the war and many of the arms which they declined to turn over to Mountbatten's troops when the British returned in October, 1945. Their forces are of two types: guerrilla troops of perhaps 200 men, and smaller assassination bands. Activities of the various groups are directed from two wireless stations.

Against these 5,000 natives, the British have arrayed several times as many members of the police, army, navy, and the R. A. F. There are several top-flight British regiments here and tough little Gurkhas as well as Malayan troops. The Royal Navy is patroling the coasts and the army is strengthening the Siamese frontier to prevent reinforcements from outside.

The British have suspended most of the territory's civil liberties, at least for the time being. Censorship of the press is very thorough, and one reporter on the Malayan *Tribune* has been jailed for what appears to have been an honest error. One can now be jailed for two years without being charged with a crime. "Outsiders" cannot become labor leaders without the approval of the governor. Trials are held in secret, in order

ANDREW ROTH, who has been reporting from southeastern Asia for the past year, left Singapore for the war front in northern Malaya just after writing this article.

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to protect informers, and the Commissioner-General, who is the son of Ramsay MacDonald, has promised that "the [life] expectation of . . . a terrorist from the moment of his capture to the time of his death will be reduced to a matter of days." The authorities are seeking broader power to expel aliens from the country. Among others, they want to get rid of some "undesirable" British subjects, like the two hundred Indians they have arrested.

All-out warfare began on July 7, with the attack of rocket-firing Spitfires on what was believed to be an encampment of guerrillas in North Perak. This overt action followed shortly after the recall to England of Sir Edward Gent, the former Malayan High Commissioner. Gent, who was killed in an airplane crash over London before he had a chance to report to the Colonial Office, had advocated a policy of moderation. He was opposed in this by the planting and tin interests, the armed services and many members of the administration, including his superior, MacDonald.

Drawing by Golden

The stakes are large. Malaya is Britain's chief "dollar arsenal" because its sizable exports of tin and rubber earn dollar credits for the United Kingdom. In April, for example, Malaya sent the United States nearly $10,000,000 worth of exports while receiving imports in exchange to a value of only $4,650,000, leaving a surplus of over $5,500,000 to the credit of the United Kingdom.

THE Malayan drama has been played against a polyglot background. The Malayan peninsula and Singapore are a territory, not a nation. Of the 5,500,000 people listed in its 1941 census figures, there were some 2,400,000 Chinese, 2,300,000 Malays, 750,000 Indians, and only 32,000 Europeans. The easy-going Malays, predominantly peasants, resent the Indians and Chinese, who were imported to work on the plantations and in the mines and have also become something of an indigenous middle class. Meanwhile, the Communists evidently believe that the postwar economic and political battles have won them enough allies among the Chinese and Indians, if not among the Malayans, to isolate the British in this complex land. It is likely that the present decision of the party to shift from strikes and political skirmishes to armed insurrection was not based entirely upon domestic considerations. It may have been timed to coincide with the revolts in peasant areas of Burma and India, the offensive of the Chinese Communists, and the increased tension between Russia and the West. Some Britons here believe that the timetable for revolution in all of Southeast Asia was drawn up by the new Soviet legation in Bangkok, but this makes it difficult to explain why the Hukbalahaps in the Philippines, who are subject to Communist influence, abandoned their offensive about the time the Malayan Communists started theirs.

The Malayan trend toward extremism apparently dates from the Calcutta conference of Indian Communists in March. At that meeting, Communists in this area were warned that the anti-Soviet position of the West would be stiffened with the establishment of E. R. P., and that stronger anti-Communist repression could be expected in the colonies of the Western powers. In April, a Singapore harbor strike was broken by the importation of non-union labor and three of the union's leaders were jailed. Then two plantation strikes were broken by troops and police. The police did grant permission for a May Day meeting but rescinded it when Communist labor leaders threatened to defy a ban on a parade for the same day. The Communists met anyway, behind closed doors, and one of their leaders announced that there would be a shift of tactics in the future. What he meant, apparently, was increased militance in "the struggle against British imperialism," but some of the trigger-happy guerrilla veterans on the plantations, many of whom were serving as strong-arm men for the plantation workers' unions, took this to be the signal for an assault on managers and Chinese contractors. (The latter, incidentally, are also involved in a little Communist-Kuomintang war which rages in the Chinese community here.) Most qualified observers here agree that the "final conflict" came well ahead of the Communists' schedule and has little chance of success. As one veteran and temperate British journalist in Singapore put it, "They acted out of exasperation and are committing mass suicide."

The Communists probably figure otherwise. They know that Britain lost considerable prestige among the natives as a result of its inept defense of this strategic area during the war. They also know that they won what Britain lost, owing to the effectiveness of their guerrilla campaign against the Japanese. They now hope to make the British look ridiculous. There is no doubt that the Europeans have overwhelming military superiority, but this is wild, rough country, and the English can only make their superiority effective if they have the support of the native population.

THE Communists will no doubt profit from their leadership of the Chinese and Indian laborers in the economic struggle with the British planting and tin interests. Rice has hit fifteen times its pre-war price, and proportionate wage increases have been demanded by the

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laborers. The demands have been resisted fiercely by their employers. The rubber interests face the prospect of having to lower prices to meet the threat of subsidized American synthetic rubber, and the tin interests will have to compete with a new tin smelter in the United States, and the diversion of Siamese tin to that smelter. By and large, the estate managers, used to the "good old days," simply refuse to adjust to changing times. Some of them have been antagonized by the arrogance of some of the new, war-hardened labor leaders. Conflicts over wages have produced long and bitter strikes, and the Communists, of course, have capitalized on this.

In addition, the slow pace of political reform here has created unrest among many Chinese, Indians, and Malayans. Many of them are angry because there are no elected members provided for in the legislative assembly of the new Malayan Federation, and few elected members in Singapore's legislative council. The separation of Singapore from the Federation has antagonized the Chinese because, while they comprise 80 per cent of the population of Singapore, they are now reduced to a minority within the Federation. Progressive and leftist movements have also been split in two by this geographic division. Alien Chinese and Indians are furious at the new constitutional provision requiring fifteen years' residence for those aspiring to citizenship. The progressive Malays in the Malay Nationalist Party were offended when the British, in drawing up the new Federation constitution, went behind closed doors to consult only the United Malays National Organization, which is pro-Sultan, pro-British, and anti-Chinese.

But luckily for the British, the Communists, chiefly led by Chinese, have managed to alienate many of their previous allies. A few months ago, the Communists broke with the propertied Chinese over the Kuomintang issue, and they have made a great blunder by killing Kuomintang stalwarts as well as European planters. As a result, the *Malayan Tribune,* which is owned by wealthy Chinese and has long been critical of British policy, has turned violently anti-Communist and somewhat pro-British. The Communists have also frightened some of their allies by their resort to armed force. Many who were willing to work with them for limited objectives cannot condone cold-blooded murder. This leaves the war to be fought by two minority groups, with the vast majority of the population incidental victim to the conflict.

Muscle-Bound America

BY A. G. MEZERIK

II. Steel

THE United States Steel Corporation added nearly $200,000,000 to the nation's steel bill two weeks ago when it boosted its prices to $80 a rolled-sheet ton, the highest ever charged in the company's history. And where U. S. Steel sets the pattern, the rest of the industry follows after. The end result will be an addition of around 16 per cent in the finished steel composite index, or a total bite of half a billion dollars. At a moment of peril for the domestic economy, and with half the world waiting desperately for E. R. P. goods, the price rise amounts to an assault on the security and welfare of people everywhere.

Big Steel has justified its action by pleading "conditions beyond [the industry's] control"—among them, higher pay rolls and the increased cost of coal and other materials. But a good part of the reason Big Steel has to pay higher wages is that many goods are hard to get and many prices are high just because steel, the vital ingredient in most production, is in dangerously short supply. And as if the latest price boost were not enough, the steel industry has seized on the Supreme Court's decision outlawing the basing-point pricing system to force still another increase on the nation and the world.

City dwellers have certainly felt the effects of the steel shortage. Perhaps the gas pressure was low in your oven last winter. The gas wells hadn't run dry; there just wasn't enough steel pipe available to bring the gas up from the Southwest. Perhaps you couldn't buy enough oil to keep your house warm; the basic reason was not an oil shortage but a shortage of oil tankers and pipelines, both made of steel. Farmers also suffered from the situation this summer and last, when embargoes were slapped on wheat shipments owing to the scarcity of steel freight cars. Workers well know the results of the steel scarcity; many factories have closed, some permanently. So widespread were lay-offs in Pennsylvania last winter that the State Unemployment Compensation Board of Review specifically ruled that workers should draw compensation when laid off because of steel shortages—reversing a decision

This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Mezerik discussing industrial shortages in America. His analysis of the power shortage appeared in The Nation *on June 19. In future issues, he will examine the nation's shortages in agricultural machinery and in oil.*

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by a state examiner who had absolved employers of blame for the shut downs and had adjudged the idle period a vacation without pay.

Industry is subject to the same squeeze as workers. In the automobile industry, frequently shutdown by steel shortages, manufacturers have had to redesign their models so as to reduce the amount of steel in each car. Ford saves sixty-five pounds of the precious metal per car by using substitute materials, including glass. Hudson has cut two hundred pounds of steel out of each unit, Packard one hundred pounds, and others have followed suit. Freight-car manufacturers have had to shut down time and again. The huge Mt. Vernon plant of the Pressed Steel Car Company was closed last winter for two weeks. The Pullman Standard Company, largest maker of railroad cars, has felt the pinch. Many plants in major industries have been able to operate on only two of their normal three production lines.

The steel shortage has been even more ruinous for the small business man, especially the man who wants to start a new enterprise. Numbers of these, with experience, skill, and the necessary capital, have been forced to put their plans on ice because they could not get indispensable steel. Senator James E. Murray has estimated at $15,000,000,000 the total economic loss to the United States resulting from obstacles to business expansion imposed by the steel scarcity. Metal-working shops set up by veterans or by war-time mechanics are doomed to remain small. *Iron Age,* the magazine of the steel industry, refers to these entrepreneurs as the "untouchables," and frankly adds that they have no "alternative but to restrict production or go into the gray market."

One of the main reasons why smaller companies are unable to obtain sufficient steel is that the great steel producers themselves have gone into making consumer goods, in an effort to reap profits all the way from ore mine to retailer. Benjamin F. Fairless, president of U. S. Steel, recently told a Congressional committee that his company today sells only 10 per cent of its unfinished steel outside its own subsidiaries, and that it could easily make use of the entire output. Naturally, the small fry condemn the steelmasters for hogging the present supply while refusing to build new capacity.

In the face of this situation, steelmakers reiterate that the supply will catch up with the demand, and they continue to announce plans for immense expansion—hedging all predictions with many ifs, ands, and buts. Recently, when U. S. Steel's public-relations department announced an intended expansion, Fairless at the same time declared in Akron that high taxes discouraged his industry from expanding.

The contradiction begins to make sense in the light of other statements, like that Bethlehem's tough old Eugene G. Grace in August, 1947: "The nation's present steelmaking capacity is more than adequate." After examining the industry's latest claims of increased production facilities, the United Steel Workers of America labeled them a hoax, a product of juggled figures rather than of new furnaces. This appraisal has been borne out—in more diplomatic language, to be sure—by estimates of the steelmasters' limited plans for future expansion described in last January's issue of *Iron Age.* As Joseph Loftus put it in the New York *Times,* "The industry is unwilling to make heavy investments in additional capacity because it fears that, after post-war demands are filled, it may find itself overbuilt."

The steelmasters themselves point out that the cost of instaling additional production facilities today averages about $300 per ton of finished steel as against former investments of $44 to $87 a ton, but they choose to ignore the fact that their profits were 57 per cent greater last year than the year before. Steel has always been a "boom-and-bust" industry, an industry whose leaders expect and depend on depressions. They are waiting for one now, while standing at the pinnacle of profit and success. The rigid mentality of most of these men is clearly revealed in their $9.34-a-ton price boost and their tricky manipulation of the basing-point issue.

STEEL represents 85 per cent of our basic processed materials. Everyone uses it in some form or other, and until the last few weeks every one has been bearing a fraction of the burden of the basing-point charge. Clouded in semantics, this tariff has long been referred to by the industry as "phantom," but it was very real.

Under the basing-point system, the consumer paid the freight, not from the nearest steel mill, but from a basing point arbitrarily set by the steel industry. Originally, Pittsburgh was the only basing point, and a Southern purchaser, picking up steel made entirely from Southern materials at Big Steel's Birmingham factory, paid the freight from Pittsburgh. In recent years, Big Steel has reluctantly named other basing points. But up to now, the system has operated as a cartel, to the advantage of Eastern manufacturers and greatly to the disadvantage of Western and Southern manufacturers. By this means, Big Steel established and held its monopoly, and forced economic peonage on the West and South. As Charles Hughes stated in the New York *Times,* "More than one column could be written about that artificial pricing system and how it gives the laugh to our free-enterprise competitive system."

Think of the basing-point charges in terms of the steel used in consumer products. A refrigerator, built in California from ore dug and processed on the West Coast, would cost the Western manufacturer 6½ per cent more to produce than it would his competitor in Pittsburgh or Detroit—the 6½ per cent representing the carrying charges on the steel from, say, Birmingham, Alabama, to Los Angeles, even though Birmingham has no

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more to do with the product or what went into it than does Birmingham, England. An automobile would cost the Westerner 10 per cent more to build than his Eastern counterpart. Those percentages are large enough to mean the difference between profit and loss. Equal access to steel on equal terms is as important to every section of the nation as is equal access to water to every individual.

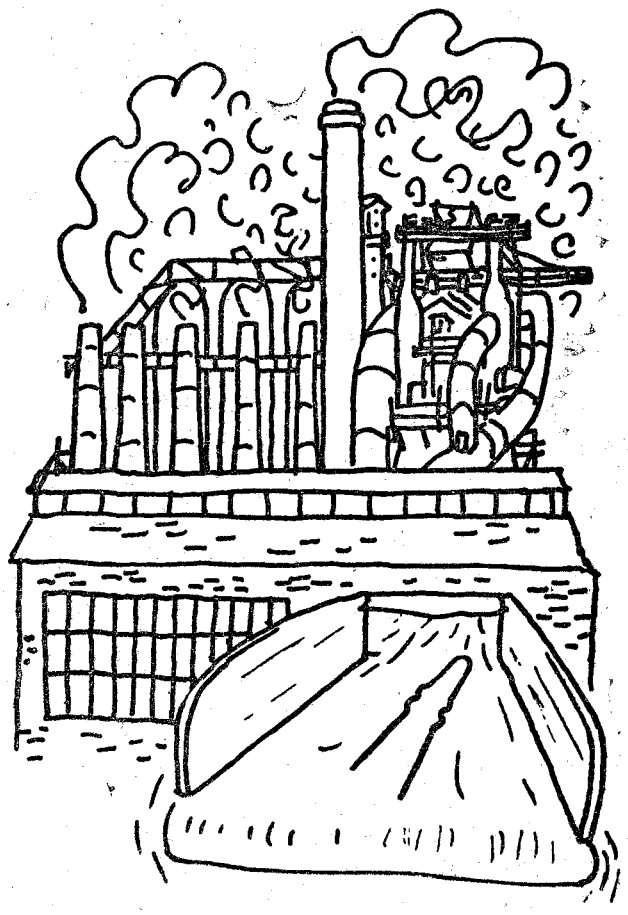
Despite the fact that the basing point system has choked the growth of American industries in all regions except the Great Lakes area and the Middle-Eastern seaboard, the steel industry is now predicting disaster because of the discontinuance of the basing point. Its propaganda has it that the steel purchaser will soon be faced with freight costs steep enough to put many factories out of business. The steelmasters say this in the hope of winning public and Congressional sympathy for a law legitimizing the basing-point system and placing the steel companies beyond the reach of Supreme Court decisions based on current anti-trust legislation. If they are successful, they will have safeguarded their centralized plant in Pittsburgh, maintained their cartel, and kept the South and West in economic serfdom. They would no longer have to fear such independent competition as that promised by Henry Kaiser in the days he once crusaded for his West Coast Fontana steel mill. Most important, a legalized basing-point pricing system would guarantee a continuation of U. S. Steel's control of national steel productive capacity—and of its fat profits.

THE profits, however, will be drained out of a nation that must pay for steel wherever it turns. Basic steel prices have gone up over 55 per cent since 1939. When steel goes up, everything made of steel absorbs that price increase, until it comes to the consumer as an excessively expensive automobile, wire fence, or can of tomatoes. Since 45 per cent of the nation's jobs and 40 per cent of the national income are dependent on steel, directly or indirectly, the effects of a boost in steel prices are enormous.

Every decision taken by the free-wheeling Pittsburgh barons, including the price increases and the abolition of the basing-point system, is always unanimous. The steelmasters contend that this is due to "natural causes." Senator Murray disagrees. He says that "three financial interest groups and one other corporation control nine of the ten largest steel producers." Chester Bowles has declared that the steel monopoly is an infinitely greater threat to America's future than are the Communists.

Not only is our domestic future, involving our comfort and health, imperiled by the steel shortage, but our solemn promises to the world are in jeopardy. Rebuilding Europe will require steel more than anything else—steel for factories and bridges, for homes and power stations. The United States, in truth, does not now have the steel-producing capacity to meet its domestic requirements along with the commitments for E. R. P., not to mention the huge new national defense program. Hartley Barclay, New York *Times* financial writer, reported in March that a leading trade-association executive in the metal-work field had estimated that present steel output levels would have to be increased by 40 to 100 per cent to take care of national defense alone.

Some experts estimate that E. R. P. plus defense will require from 25 to 35 per cent of our steel-making capacity, and these are premature figures since the full scope of the defense program is not yet public knowledge. In any event, the immediate effect of the steel shortage has just been interpreted in terms of consumer goods by Ernest Breech, executive vice-president of the Ford Motor Company. There will be a decrease, he says, of 10 to 20 per cent in the production of consumer goods —including automobiles—in 1949. In Washington, government economist Louis Bean draws charts which confirm Mr. Breech's pessimism and prove that the steel industry has not expanded in proportion to the needs of the growing population. Mr. Bean contends that none of the plans for expansion yet announced by the steel industry are sufficient to meet even normal peace-time requirements. Meanwhile, in peace or in war, a lot of dire things can and, as matters stand, will happen as a result of the steel shortage—among them inflation, unemployment, profitless companies, and national insecurity.



Drawing by Lorenzini

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You have seen it happen.

You have seen how liberty dies in the modern world.

A speaker is silenced, a publication is banned. The plague of tyranny starts with little things.

Now, in this land that grew great on freedom, there are those who have turned against freedom.

Speakers *have* been silenced. Publications *have* been banned.

Of these, *The Nation* is only the latest, not the first.

It must be the last. You must see to it that it is the last.

* * *

What was our offense?

We published articles displeasing to the officials of the Roman Catholic church.

They were not anti-religious articles. They dealt critically—but soberly and responsibly—with the attempts of the Roman Catholic hierarchy to exert influence in matters outside the religious sphere.

The facts of these articles have never been disproved. The opinions were no more than any man has a right to express, as a responsible social critic, for your acceptance or rejection.

And for this *The Nation* has been cast out of the public schools of New York City, of Newark and Trenton, N. J., and out of the teachers' colleges of Massachusetts, and from other places where this contagion of darkness has spread.

For this, the magazine that has fought since the Civil War for the great American humanistic causes, that has been a rostrum for many of our classic men of letters, and that has always defended the rights of Catholic and other minorities—this magazine has now been stigmatized as unfit for the young people of America's public schools.

* * *

Who is under attack?

It is not *The Nation* that is under attack—nor is it the survival of *The Nation* as a magazine that matters.

It is the right to information, the right to opinion, the right of the American mind to be free from control by any power group—whether clerical, political or economic—that are under attack. And these things matter very much indeed.

No institution in public life—neither a corporation, nor a church, nor the Government of the United States itself—has the right to stifle reasonable discussion of its public conduct.

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ollar

) stop a plague?

That is basic in our Constitution. It is the heart of what we like to call the American Way.

And it is the real meaning of the fight to lift the ban on *The Nation*.

* * *

We are attacking this creeping plague, this conspiracy against thought, in many ways:

- First, through a campaign to familiarize the public with the deeper issues involved and to mobilize public opinion against the growing menace of thought control.
- Second, with the New York State Commissioner of Education, who has the power to review and repeal the ban.
- Third, through the formulation of a more acceptable set of standards for the selection of literature in the public schools with a view to their adoption. A committee of educators, writers, lawyers and other qualified persons is working on this project now.

Finally, we shall go to the courts, if necessary—for a Constitutional right is at stake.

And because such activities involve many xpenses, your dollar, or your ten dollars, or our thousand dollars will play a critically important part in our success.

Contribute what you can. Talk to people. Write to officials. Stand up for freedom.

For when the bell tolls for The Nation, *it tolls also for thee . . .*

AD HOC COMMITTEE TO LIFT THE BAN ON THE NATION

Archibald MacLeish, *Chairman*

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Russia, Plus and Minus

II. STATE, SYSTEM, AND INDIVIDUAL

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

London, July

THE people's confidence that there would be no war, so apparent when I left Moscow in May, was reinforced by the conviction that Russia had everything to gain from a long period of peace. In this respect, the interests of the party, the individual, and the state coincide. The party pundits say, "Give us twenty years of peace, and we will demonstrate the superiority of the economic system of Russia and the new democracies to that of the capitalist world." The individual hopes to live a pleasanter and easier life. The state wishes to avoid any foreign complications for the present, though China presents a great question, and for propaganda purposes it may think it expedient to make some such gesture as establishing "consular relations" with the Indonesian Republic. There was, it is true, some excitement over Palestine in the latter part of May; rumors were current that Jewish officers and soldiers in the Red Army were to be asked to volunteer for service in a "Jewish Legion" and that hundreds of Russian planes would suddenly appear over Jerusalem. I heard two railway guards talking about the advantage of using the Jews to establish a Russian base in the Middle East.

But all these stories were unfounded. The recognition of Israel, with its implication that the Jews might get arms and supplies from Russia, could hardly be avoided. There were many angry comments on the "British-run" Transjordan army, but the Russians would hardly want to give strong support to either side. It has been their policy all along not to antagonize the Arab world unduly, and to demand partition is as far as they are likely to go. For both political and psychological reasons they are anxious not to identify themselves with Israel. They never favored Zionism, which they considered an absurd form of nationalist extremism, largely financed by people in the United States. And they will be careful not to play into the hands of foreign propagandists waiting for the chance to revive the Nazi formula coupling "Jewry" and "Bolshevism." (The Russians are rather sensitive on this point, as may be seen from the fact that, while Jews hold many key positions in industrial departments, they hold very few in political bureaus, and scarcely a Jew is to be found among the hundreds of officials of the Foreign Office—a situation quite different from that of the earlier years of the Soviet regime. Behind the change, of course, lie other reasons than a desire to refute the propaganda. Jews have not such single-track minds as Russians, and the Trotzkyist opposition was largely Jewish.)

THE individual Russian today knows that living conditions in the main are improving. They may still be incomparably lower than in America or Sweden —the squalor and overcrowding in Moscow would seem intolerable even to the British—but the ordinary Russian compares his present condition, not with what he has not seen abroad, but with what he experienced at home three or four years ago. Today, everybody, if not well fed, has at any rate enough to eat; meat and fats are still expensive, but even the poorest families can buy enough bread, cabbage, vegetables, and sugar. Cheap sweets are plentiful and unrationed, and everywhere in Moscow these days one sees ice-cream and Eskimo-pie vendors. A large slab of ice cream costs one ruble.

It is true that Moscow has suffered something of a distribution crisis, of varying intensity, for the past three months—bread and sugar often cannot be bought without queueing, sometimes for an hour or more—but I found no such difficulty in Leningrad or in the small towns outside Moscow. Officials claim that this queueing is temporary and that it has no serious effect on industrial output, since it is done mostly by housewives who have left industry since the war, but this does not make it any pleasanter for those in the queue. The government still cannot make up its mind to increase very appreciably the number of shops or to "waste labor on distribution"; Czechs and Poles living in Moscow, accustomed in their own countries to an adequate number of private or state shops, find this feature of Soviet economy extremely puzzling. The official Russian line is that the consumer is partly to blame for the queueing, since for two months after derationing he hoarded sugar and other foods. More shops, it is asserted, are being opened daily, and in the autumn food will become plentiful and cheap. It is, indeed, commonly believed that prices of the more expensive foods will be halved: meat will be down to ten rubles a pound, butter to seventeen rubles, and so on.

According to the Five-Year Plan, food is to be 30 per cent cheaper in 1950 than even in 1940, which means a drop in prices every year, barring one of exceptional drought like 1946. It is still hard to say how good this year's harvest will be, but present indications are favorable. Although April and the first half of May were

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abnormally warm and dry, there was plenty of rain almost everywhere during the second half of May. Grain production is expected to exceed 100,000,000 tons—the 1950 target is 127,000,000—which would certainly leave an export surplus of several million tons. Sugar output, which last year was higher than in 1940, is expected to rise still more.

What purchases are allowed for in the budget of an average Russian family? It is very hard to generalize, but it is possible to compose a characteristic sample. In the towns, as in the villages, both husband and wife usually work, although there has been a growing tendency for women to concentrate on housekeeping. When only the husband works, the average income is officially estimated to be 750 rubles a month. Actually, it is often a little higher, since nearly everybody does some odd jobs on the side, and 1,000 rubles ($200 at official rate) a month is more nearly the true average. At any rate, the monthly family budget for a father, a non-working mother, and two children is something like this:

Rent, gas, and heat	150	rubles	
Taxes	150	"	(including "voluntary" subscriptions to loans)
Bread (partly white)	120	"	(two kilograms a day)
Sugar	60	"	(four kilograms)
Potatoes and vegetables.	60	"	(about two kilograms a day)
Butter and vegetable oils	100	"	(two kilograms)
Meat and fish products .	100	"	(about six kilograms)
Tea	20	"	(four ounces)
Tobacco	70	"	(500 cigarettes)
	830	rubles	

This obviously leaves very little for clothes, entertainment, or extras, and in the rare cases where the husband alone works, cuts become inevitable on items like fats and meats. Much more common, however, are families where two or more members, old or young, work at least part of the time and contribute something to the family income. In families of six, the incomes of three or four of its members are largely pooled, with the result that the housewife has already well over 1,000 rubles to play with in the case of low-grade incomes, and well over 2,000 when the members of the family are better paid.

Drawing by Golden

Every possible measure has been taken to make the peasants work harder. Shops filled with textiles, hardwares, and crockery lure even the laziest to put in as many labor-days as possible. Perhaps no less important has been the dual process of the industrialization and "militarization" of agriculture, combined with a sharp accentuation of teamwork and a system of prizes, medals, and honors. The title of "Hero of Socialist Labor" bestowed as a reward for output is as valued as a knighthood in England. Last year, the Ukraine alone conferred 188 such "knighthoods" on agricultural workers, besides 4,287 other orders and medals. On April 24, a new decree divided the country into several areas and set for each the yield per hectare for various particular crops which will entitle an agricultural worker to receive a "knighthood" or some other order or medal. This elaborate system of material and civic inducements to make the peasants work is largely run by the party organizations, of which there are 19,000 units in the Ukraine alone.

The extent to which the party organizations have been mixing into everything may be seen from the recent complaint of Khruschov, the Ukraine's party chief, that the peasants now bother the Raikom (the regional committee of the party) with such trivial requests as asking it to organize a chess or drafts tournament between two different collective farms! It is clear that the party is bossing, propagandizing, and "stakhanovizing" the peasantry as never before; in the rural areas of the Ukraine, it now has 327,000 members. Khruschov said that, barring exceptionally bad weather, the output of grain would be enormous, but that in the case of livestock the position was still far from satisfactory.

Since the end of rationing, the inducement to buy more food has been so great in Moscow that spending on some other things has dropped sharply. Theaters and cinemas are sometimes half-empty, and the more expensive restaurants are doing very badly. Money is being spent on plain food and clothes and saved for holidays, and little is left for luxuries and entertainment. A new consignment of Bata shoes produces a queue literally almost half a mile long. Urban transport in Moscow has greatly improved in the past year owing to an enormous increase in the number of trolley buses. Housing still remains the worst feature of living conditions: many a university professor and his wife have only one room; less important people not uncommonly live four or five to a room. Relieving the congestion in Moscow is one of Russia's major problems today, but neither the building of a few hundred new blocks of flats in the next two years nor the attempt to drive out of Moscow the million or so "unregistered" inhabitants will make much difference in the near future.

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From Distress to Development

I. HOW BRITAIN DISTRIBUTES ITS INDUSTRY

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

THE South Wales coalfield wears a grim face. On its deep valleys, through which, long ago, clear streams babbled among thick oak forests, the industrial revolution has set dirty, indelible footprints. Railroads, highways, pitheads, and factories jostle each other in the narrow winding bottoms; huge spoil-heaps shut out the light from rows of grimy stone houses that rise in crowded terraces on the lower slopes of the hills. There is little to show here for the vast wealth that has been torn from the earth beneath in the last one hundred and fifty years.

Yet South Wales today is a much more cheerful place than when I first visited it some twelve years ago. Then it was down and very nearly out. Half the little stores were boarded up, many of the mines were closed, and the district was littered with the unburied bones of dead industries. Men in thousands were walking the streets, with nothing to do but draw their meager doles from the Labor Exchanges and scratch at hillside outcrops to gain their household coal. Between 1934 and 1938, an average of 29.3 per cent of the insured workers in South Wales and Monmouthshire were jobless. And even this figure understated the situation in the mining valleys, for the average was lowered by the inclusion of less depressed agricultural and seaport areas. In many of the communities dependent on coal, unemployment exceeded 50 per cent; in a few, it rose above 70 per cent. Moreover, many of the men who retained their jobs were working only two or three days a week.

By the mid-thirties, some parts of Britain had largely recovered from the great depression. In 1934 and 1935, 448 new factories were opened in Greater London, providing about 40,000 additional jobs. In South Wales, during the same years, only nine factories, employing 1,250 persons, were built. In 1936, in fact, during a tour of the mining valleys lasting several days, I did not see a single new industrial establishment. A clearer physical atmosphere than normal emphasized the lack of activity; but a spiritual fog hung over the whole region like a pall of doom. The well-known British research organization, P. E. P. (Political and Economic Planning), declared in a report issued about this time that the borough of Merthyr Tydvil, once world famous as a coal and steel center, was completely derelict and should be abandoned for all industrial purposes.

Today, South Wales is busy again. Though a number of the older mines never reopened after the depression, there is work in others for more men than are available. The steel industry, too, has revived. The great mills at Ebbw Vale, which were operating at a very low level in the mid-thirties, have been reconstructed and are now among the most modern plants in the world. And all over South Wales, I have seen numerous recently completed factories and others in various stages of construction. A region which previously had practically no "light" industries is now producing clothing, processed foods, electrical goods, chemicals, toys, plastics, paper, furniture, and a host of other products. "Derelict" Merthyr has half a dozen new factories in operation; many of its stores have reopened and it is once more a living, thriving community.

THIS transformation has not been brought about by the operation of "natural" economic forces. The blossoming of new industry in South Wales, as in the other parts of Britain which suffered most bitterly during the depression, is largely the result of planning. An organized effort is being made in England to bring industry to the people, to provide for a diversity of opportunities for employment in places overdependent on a few heavy industries, to insure against a recurrence of the economic and social catastrophes that nearly overwhelmed large sections of Britain in the inter-war years.

In the early thirties, the problem of the "distressed areas" was an insistent topic in press and Parliament. These were the districts in which the unemployment rate was well above the national average and where a large number of the unemployed had been jobless, not for weeks or months, but for years. The three main regions in which such conditions prevailed were South Wales and Monmouth, the western section of the Scottish industrial belt (Clydeside), and northeast England (Tyneside). A smaller but equally distressed area was situated in West Cumberland. All these districts produced iron, steel, and coal. Clydeside and Tyneside were great engineering and shipbuilding centers and had thus been specially hard hit by the slump in world markets and the shrinkage of British exports.

With a population of 6,500,000—one-seventh of the British total—these depressed areas accounted for one-third of the nation's unemployed. While other parts of the country were returning to economic health, their condition appeared to be growing worse. Prosperity attracts prosperity: new business tended to settle near London or around Birmingham; it was repelled by the gloomy atmosphere of the old industrial centers.

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As the plants would not come to the surplus labor areas, the government of the day sought to persuade workers to move to places where opportunities were better. The Ministry of Labor provided grants to assist migrants, and offered retraining courses. Tens of thousands of young men and women did leave the Welsh valleys to seek work in London and the Midlands, but more clung to their homes. Migration was particularly hard for the miners who had always lived in isolated communities. They feared that they would encounter prejudice in England and, indeed, to many employers the phrase "Welsh miner" was synonymous with "agitator" and "Communist." Moreover, the housing shortage was a major obstacle to mobility for those with families.

So migration proved a very partial solution, and in 1934, the National Government (Ramsay MacDonald was still Premier) was prodded into taking new action. The distressed areas were renamed "special areas"—a change which may have been suggested by escapism but could also be justified on public-relations grounds—and two commissioners, one for England and Wales and one for Scotland, were appointed to tackle their problems. A $10,000,000 fund was set aside to finance projects which might assist the economic development or social improvement of the special areas, and this sum, Mr. MacDonald declared, was to be considered merely as a first instalment. However, though possessing broad powers on paper, the commissioners discovered that they were very restricted in practice. At best, they found themselves confined to offering grants or loans for minor public works and the provision of local amenities. Sir Malcolm Stewart, Commissioner for England and Wales, approached several thousand manufacturing firms, hoping to persuade some of them to establish branch factories in the special areas. The response was negligible, and in 1936 he recommended to the government a check on the sprawling growth of London and the encouragement of industrial mobility by some sort of subsidy.

The next year, a new act provided another $10,000,000 for loans to new undertakings in the special areas and authorized treasury grants for building modern factories to be leased at low rentals. As a result, a new and constructive idea emerged—the industrial estate, modeled on successful private enterprises in other parts of England. In each special area, a non-profit-making company was organized to construct and operate such estates with local business leaders serving as unpaid directors.

WHAT is an industrial estate? The manager of one gave me the following definition: an area of land large enough to accommodate a number of light industries, to warrant residential administration, to provide the facilities and amenities that big industries provide for themselves, and to afford a considerable degree of linkage or integration of activities of those firms that settle there. The industrial-estate company is, in fact, a large-scale landlord. It develops its property according to a unified plan, laying out roads, providing for railroad spurs, building standard factories adaptable for many different trades and easily expansible, connecting them with the necessary utilities, and erecting and operating for common use such services as canteens and first-aid stations. For the small or medium-sized firm, particularly one just launching business, the opportunity to rent a factory on such an estate is most attractive. It means that operations can be started on a smaller capital —since permanent investment in buildings is obviated —and that overhead costs for services can be pared.

Construction work on the first Treasury-financed industrial estate, Team Valley, Gateshead-on-Tyne, began in October, 1936, and by the end of the following year, twenty-seven factories were in production. Similar developments at Hillington (near Glasgow), Treforest (near Cardiff), and Maryport (on the Cumberland coast) were not far behind. By September, 1939, about 15,000 men and women had found employment in a wide variety of industries at these four places. That was a drop in the bucket in relation to the numbers still out of work, but at least a start had been made in diversifying employment in the special areas and a basis laid for future expansion.

With the outbreak of war, the problem of redundant labor gradually gave place to that of a manpower shortage. The heavy industries began to operate at capacity and many government ordnance factories were built in the special areas where surplus labor was available. The industrial estates, with their prepared sites and other facilities, attracted many new war-plants—Rolls Royce took over a large section of Hillington to build aircraft engines—and existing factories on them were converted to arms production. With a three-shift system in operation, employment at Treforest alone rose to a peak of 16,300. The Treasury's modest pre-war investment in the special areas thus paid an uncovenanted dividend.

THE end of the war meant, of course, the loss of many jobs, even though the heavy industries continued to boom. Unemployment in the special areas, while still small compared with pre-war, again rose above the national average. But Parliament had already taken steps to extend the rehabilitation of these regions which now were hopefully renamed "development areas." The famous White Paper on employment policy, published in 1944, envisaged a great expansion of the industrial-estate principle. In June, 1945, the Distribution of Industry Act was passed—one of the last pieces of legislation sponsored by the war-time national gov-

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ernment—providing basic machinery for planning a balanced distribution of industry over the whole country in the post-war era.

The act authorized the Board of Trade, which now took over from the special commissioners, to acquire land (by agreement or compulsorily), to prepare sites for factories, and to erect them for lease to private firms. Actually, building and detailed management of the factories, whether they are grouped on estates or put up on individual sites, is in the hands of the industrial-estate companies which have been retained as agents of the Board. Other sections of the act empower the Treasury to make loans to private concerns established in the development areas, and to give financial assistance to municipal or other public authorities for the purpose of improving the basic services on which industrial expansion makes demands—for instance, transport, power, water, drainage, and housing.

In talking to some estate-company officials—men who had been associated with this work since its beginnings—I encountered some criticism of the new set-up. Before the war, the estate companies had received block grants from the government and, within the limits of the sums provided, were free to develop their projects without detailed supervision from Whitehall. Now, they complain, they are subject to rather rigid Treasury controls, like any government department, and must get advance approval for each new item of expenditure.

That such restrictions should seem irksome is understandable. But, it must be remembered, before the war the government had made available a few million pounds to finance an untried experiment. Today, the experimental stage has passed and, with a public investment running into tens of millions, the Treasury is bound to keep a close eye on disbursements. Moreover, expansion in the development areas now must conform with a national investment plan. The total demand for factory space is greater than the supply and, while shortages of manpower and materials continue, it has to be allotted in accordance with a system of priorities. Firms which supply some vital national need or which will produce mainly for the export market are likely to be preferred over those manufacturing luxury goods for the home market.

Some of the grumbling may be due to the fact that, in the past year, the building program in the development areas, as elsewhere, has had to be curtailed. When it became clear that over-investment in Britain was adding to inflationary pressure, licenses for a good many factory buildings for which plans had been approved had to be suspended. But in these unavoidable cutbacks, special consideration has, properly, been given to the development areas, which are the only parts of Britain where any considerably surplus of labor can still be found. Between December, 1944, and April 30, 1948, 2,733 licenses for new factory buildings, or extensions of over 5,000 square feet, were issued in Britain, at a total value of over $470,000,000. Of these, 1,017 licenses, with a value of $273,000,000, were in respect of buildings in the development areas. That means that districts with about one-sixth of the whole population—taking into account some small areas added since the war—are getting about half the new factory space. Roughly one-third of the $273,000,000 has been or will be provided by the Treasury; the balance represents private financing. For, thanks to the stimulus given toward the rehabilitation of the development areas by government-planned investment, these ancient centers of industry have been given a new look and made positively attractive to industrial suitors.

[*Next week, Mr. Hutchison, recently returned from England, will give a more detailed account of one of the new industrial estates and will describe the way in which an American businessman seeking a factory in Britain would be steered toward the development areas.*]

LOOKING BACKWARD

Seventy-five Years Ago in "The Nation"

AUGUST 7, 1837—The "Allen County Movement," as it is called in Ohio, is a movement of Liberal or Reform Democrats, who believe that both the existing parties are mere stumbling-blocks in the way of reform and progress, and desire to see a new party, founded by the honest men of both parties, but still possibly retaining the name of Democrats, take the field. . . . The Ohio papers, politicians, and public men seem to be very much distraught by this new movement. . . .

Many of our readers are now actually in the midst of their summer holiday. . . . Twenty-five years ago, clerks and young employees hardly ever expected a holiday, except as a matter of particular favor. Now, a fortnight of freedom a year is getting to be regularly understood as a part of their contract. . . . [There] was a time when we lived under the dispensation of the [proverb] "Better wear out than rust out." But of those who repeated it with most faith, how many have since had enforced leisure to repent their short-sightedness. . . . Who that has traveled in Europe is not familiar with the type of the broken-down American business-man, sent abroad to recruit his collapsed nervous system? With his haggard, hungry mien . . . he tries to cheat the *tedium vitae* by a feverish locomotion, and seems to draw a ghostly comfort from a peevish and foolish criticism of everything he meets—the tyranny of despots, the dinginess of the old paintings, and the mendacity of the natives, the absence of the ballot-box, the crookedness of the streets, the fearful waste of raw material in walls, harnesses, and conveyances, and the barbarousness of the window fastenings.

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Del Vayo—Latin American Storm Warning

THE isolated fascist groups existing all over the world have less importance, no matter how extreme and aggressive they may be, than independent fascist states like Perón's Argentina and Franco's Spain. In certain ways, and especially from the American point of view, the frivolity of encouraging Argentina has had worse consequences than the same policy applied to Spain. For Argentina, taking full advantage of its diplomatic and other prerogatives as a sovereign state, has made its fascist influence felt throughout the South American continent. A passing glance at Latin America is enough to show what is going on.

In Paraguay, a military crew has overthrown dictator Morinigo, replacing him with an equally despotic regime directed by the famous terrorist reactionary organization, the Guión Rojo, whose leader is Señor Natalicio Gonzalez.

In Chile, President Gonzales Videla is being driven further and further to the right. In the course of his deadly struggle with the Communists, his whole progressive program has been strangled. "Those who imagine Nazism and fascism are dead issues are wrong," wrote the liberal Catholic journalist, Dr. Francis E. McMahon, in a recent issue of the New York *Post*. He added: "In Chile, outspoken fascists are making hay while the world concentrates on Russia."

In Peru, President Bustamente has gone so far as to risk a revolution over his decision to rule the country by decree—a decision made, he said, because the right-wing minority in the Peruvian Congress was blocking all legislation.

In Costa Rica, the government suffered a new war scare in May that led to the arrest of 220 alleged Communists, and on the same day, the Cabinet, headed by José Figueres (who had overthrown President Teodoro Picada) sent a message to Perón felicitating him on "the triumph of the Argentine revolution."

In Colombia, the death from an assassin's bullet of the popular leader, Dr. Gaitan, produced a bloody uprising which was utilized by the reactionary forces to consolidate the shaken and unpopular government of Ospina Pérez, and to fabricate a Communist menace in a country where Communists can be counted on the fingers of a hand. It was most irresponsible on the part of the advisers of Secretary Marshall to put in his mouth their interpretation of events in Bogotá. Mr. Marshall's statement damaged his prestige and that of the State Department throughout Latin America. Even reactionaries down there know better.

In the neighboring republic of Panama, we are currently witnessing a struggle which originated in the refusal of the government to recognize the recent election to the presidency of Dr. Arnulfo Arias.

BUT the transcendant gravity of the situation is not fully revealed by a recital of the events. Close examination discloses a common fact at the bottom of all the various local disturbances. This fact is that the masses, forgotten and neglected—the peasants, the miners, the contingents of workers in the new, growing industries—are awakening much faster than most students of Latin American affairs seem to realize. The old feudal oligarchies are losing control of these human masses which, in the past, played only a passive role in a society founded on privilege.

At best, in former days, the directing groups ruled "with their backs to the people"—with a paternalistic conception of the administration of public and private affairs. Outside capital, financing the colonial set up, only accentuated its oppressive character. The whole economic history of Latin America can be summed up in the formula: native privilege allied to financial imperialism.

Two wars smashed this idyll. The people are waking up. A series of revolutions and parliamentary advances, one after another since 1900, give them a few democratic liberties—the forms of representative government and a secret ballot. The old oligarchies yielded in part but managed to retain control of the parties and the electoral machine, using fraud and violence strategically to safeguard their privileges.

Only in a country like Mexico has the revolution penetrated to the deeper problem—the problem of the land and of the "shirtless ones." And here is where Argentine fascism, applying lessons learned in Italy and Germany, introduced those new techniques that have given such tremendous gravity to present trends in the Latin countries.

The misery and discontent of the masses are now exploited by demagogues of the type of Perón, with clear political objectives and obvious fascist methods. The people, desperate, believe in the liberating mission of these *caudillos* who proclaim their hostility toward both the old oligarchies and their imperialist allies, and who buy popular support with social measures which the conservatives never had the imagination to introduce in time. But the believing masses are cheated again, since the regime of their new leaders also brings no solution to any basic problem.

But the revolution does not stop. Latin America today is a great center of discontent, dangerously surrounded by fascist bayonets in the hands of unpopular governments.

In this crisis, the United States, interested mainly in establishing inter-continental solidarity to fortify its foregn policy, does little to provide example or guidance to the southern republics. Without openly reviving the discredited slogans of the Big Stick and Manifest Destiny, Washington again sees Latin America mainly in terms of markets and capital investments—both closely linked to the concept of security. It was in the thankless role of spokesman for this attitude that Marshall appeared in Bogotá. The Latin American countries anxiously awaited a promised plan for the recovery of the hemisphere. In place of this substantial bread, Marshall offered them new investments of private capital but "always on the condition that full guarantees will be provided." Thus, quite innocently, he gave the Perón propaganda machine additional new material for its campaign against "North American imperialism."

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Bird Song

Under green
I have seen
A girl below a linden tree

Chicory
Tall as she
All along a country lane

Color clear
Quick and pure
And a silver-age refrain—

Vidi
Viridi
Phyllida sub tilia.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

NOTES BY THE WAY

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

IN ONE of his dispatches from England, Keith Hutchison discussed briefly a booklet called "Plain Words, A Guide to the Use of English," by Sir Ernest Gowers. It was prepared at the invitation of the British Treasury and designed to combat the abuse of language in the letters and statements of public officials. I have just read it and I found it delightful as well as useful. Sir Ernest has a lively style and a sense of humor; his attitude toward words is sound. Our own government would do well to reprint it and put a copy of it on every official's desk. Editors could use it too.

There is a chapter on Correctness; there are four chapters on The Choice of Words, in which Sir Ernest attacks the superfluous word, the far-fetched word, the long word where a short one would be better, and the abstract word. In this last section he pays his respects to the "vagueness caused by safety-first mentality" and to what he calls the "abstract roundabout." Here's an example of the second:

"The cessation of house-building operated over a period of five years." (No houses were built for five years.)

There is a chapter on The Handling of Words, one on Punctuation, and an Epilogue.

Sir Ernest's examples of bad writing, taken from official sources, are very amusing. They also induce a pleasant glow of superiority in the reader—until he comes upon a construction or a word he didn't know he had been misusing. Reading a book about writing is a very personal affair.

I liked particularly Sir Ernest's discussion of the undiscriminating use of such words as "alternative," "evacuate," "repercussion," and "unilateral."

No listener to the news broadcasts in March, 1947, [he writes] could fail to note that the unfortunate people whose homes were flooded were never taken to other houses; they were all evacuated to alternative accommodations.

Since I am sensitive to the use of metaphors without regard to their original and literal meaning I enjoyed his squib on "bottleneck." He quotes a letter to the London *Times* from a correspondent who was collecting horrible examples of the misuse of this useful metaphor. Here are three of them:

"Bottlenecks must be ironed out."
"Bottlenecks ahead" and "Bottleneck in bottles."
"The economy of the Ruhr is bound to move within a vicious circle of interdependent bottlenecks."

Sir Ernest heads each chapter with an appropriate quotation; and the last one sums up the lesson of his little book.

He that will write well in any tongue, must follow this counsel of Aristotle, to speak as the common people do, to think as wise men do; and so should every man understand him, and the judgment of wise men allow him. ROGER ASCHAM.

SINGING COMMERCIALS on the radio are getting more and more complicated and long drawn out. The chorus has been added to the aria and the glee-club precision with which the part-singers chant the praises of soap or shaving cream indicates that they are better rehearsed than symphony orchestras. Before long, if this tendency continues, the soap opera will really become an opera and a new genre will have been born.

As the story opens, a beautiful young girl is being thrown out of a beautiful old house in New England. It is a stormy night. The air is filled with soap flakes fluttering down. As they light on the girl's sad face, they are turned to suds by her tears. In the background, a chorus points out repeatedly in the manner of choruses and radio announcers that Flossy Flakes make a quick suds even in lukewarm water.

The girl struggles through the deepening drifts. She is clutching to her bosom a bundle which contains a baby. He is legitimate, or legitimate enough, but refuses to eat Samson's Serial. As the mother pursues her slippery way, she sings to the child a plaintive song in which she reveals to the ultimate consumers who crowd the Met—there will be prizes later—that though he has erred, it is she who has brought this fate upon them. She has flouted the conventions and the advertisers by washing her fine things with an ordinary bar of soap. The chorus seconds her emotion. Then the singers rush off (*right*). The girl plods on (left).

Finally she comes to a wide river filled with suds. She has gone about as far as she can go and she sinks down besides a large stone. Soap flakes continue to fall—no expense has been spared—and she and her bundle are almost covered when a man comes out of the night (right). As he approaches he sings a song (he has a chorus in his pocket which breaks out from time to time) about the cleanest shave in the world. The girl raises her head, brushes the suds from her eyes, and crys "You!"

"Yes!" he says. "Yes!" His voice is passionate and precise in the best radio tradition. He goes on saying "Yes!" for some time—until he is stopped by a sneeze when a flake gets in his nose. At this, the chorus, in a *repetitive*, asserts that no flake produces a bigger or better sneeze than a Flossy Flake. They insist that it has been proved in laboratories and that four out of five doctors bear them out.

After the chorus has been borne out, the girl rises and, putting forth a trembling hand, feels the face of the

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hero. "So smooth," she murmurs, and the chorus, which has sneaked in again, takes the word out of her mouth and tosses it around until the air resounds with "Smoooooooooooth."

The flake storm stops, the sun comes out, the lovers plight their troth on a box of Flossy Flakes and a tube of Smooth Shaving Cream; the baby, who has thought it over, leaps on a horse constructed entirely of sound effects and rides off in search of Samson's Serial, preferably with a fresh, crisp, and crunchy plot.

There is one Western influence which the Soviets have not yet denounced. What are they going to do about Karl Marx?

Of all the remarks at all the conventions, my favorite was the statement of "Alfalfa Bill" Murray at the Dixiecrat gathering that his state "has the best governor money can buy."

Chapter and Verse

THE HATFIELDS AND THE McCOYS. By Virgil Carrington Jones. University of North Carolina Press. $3.75.

THE most engaging thing about this book is the plug for it on the jacket by the Honorable William M. Tuck, Governor of Virginia. Says this successor to Thomas Jefferson: "It aroused and excited my interest so much as I went along—and I am not ordinarily a good book reader—that I would just go from one chapter to the next." Even though you follow the Governor's novel method of book-reading, it is doubtful effen you-all will be "held hard like a spell," as the Governor says he was, by Mr. Jones's repetition of the oft-told tale of the feudin' across the Tug River, on the Kentucky-West Virginia boundary.

The Hatfield-McCoy wars have become so much of an American institution in the category of Chicago gang wars, lynchings, and the N. A. M.'s free enterprise, that the author says one of the first questions asked of G. I.'s putting foot on foreign soil was, "what about the Hatfields and the McCoys?" Mr. Jones proceeds to answer it to the last gory detail.

These Neanderthalic descendants of our Scotch-Irish pioneering families first fell out about the ownership of a hawg, a ole razor-back sow that a McCoy spied in a Hatfield sty and allowed hit was a McCoy hawg. Floyd Hatfield said twarn't and all hands went to court, where a jury, half McCoys and half Hatfields, listened to the evidence. The tied hawg was toted in, as a cloud of witnesses testified, but then a McCoy juryman turned traitor and allowed as how it might be a Hatfield hawg after all. This was in 1873, and from then until 1928, "the Reckless Mountain Boys" whom the author describes as "proud," threw rocks at one another in the preliminary rounds and, after they had warmed up, proceeded to bushwhack, gouge, bite, stab, hang, and burn alive their long-bearded, shoeless opponents. Generally they lickered up on mule before they mustered enough courage to shoot a victim in the back. When close pressed, those on one side were rumored to disguise themselves in women's clothes, thereby providing an alibi for their rivals to shoot women in cold blood and a spirit of proud Southern chivalry. Declare to Gawd, you never seen sech goings-on.

I interviewed one of these proud Hatfield hooligans, William Anderson (Cap) Hatfield in his place of retirement near the marble statue of his distinguished father, "Devil Anse," in the family cemetery, in 1921, nine years before his death in bed in a Baltimore hospital. Though "Devil Anse," whose hair-covered lineaments and spidery limbs must have inspired the creator of the "Mountain Boys" in *Esquire* and the comic strip, was more colorful than "Cap," the latter assumed leadership of the Hatfield gang through his derring-do in holding up and whuppin' two female McCoy fellow-travelers. When the law finally got him into court in 1897, an awed jury, brooding over the fact that the defendant was supposed to have at least eighteen murders to his credit, brought in a verdict of "involuntary manslaughter" in an Election-Day fracas in which three men were shot dead. "Cap" was sentenced to a year in jail but soon chopped his way out with a hatchet and took to the hills. This time, nobody bothered to go after him.

During his brief confinement, he became interested in law and finally passed his bar examinations in Logan County, by no means as incredible an intellectual feat as you might imagine. Later on, he and his pistol-toting popper got religion and were baptized in the tawny waters of Main Island Creek. When I talked to the wall-eyed old "Cap," he turned the conversation from feuding to the exploits of Napoleon Bonaparte, his favorite historical character, about whose career he had gathered a number of books. As Mr. Jones points out, both parties to the long-drawn vendetta wanted to forget about it in their reformed old age. But Mr. Jones doesn't intend it to be forgotten. After an amount of research that would do credit to a better cause, he presents a documented report on the shooting behavior of the true Sons of the American Revolution that I find as droolingly discursive as was the legalized and reformed mountain Bonapartist.

However, the illustrations are as amusing as the author's style often is, especially when he departs from his police-blotter details of mayhem and murder to discuss rape, which in those parts is no more than "assault with in-

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tent to please,"—that is, if conducted strictly on the White Supremacy level. Consider this gem on page 35: "From the edge of the crowd Johnse Hatfield watched Tolbert McCoy and his sister, Rose Anne, as they tied their horse among the others a short distance from the gathering. In his mind as he looked on was hatched a plot as old as Eve. He saw the girl merge into the assembly, her black hair glistening in the rays of the shining sun, and he stared with lustful anticipation at the bounteous curve of her bosom."

So, with Governor Tuck, you go from one chapter to the next, with the growing conviction that someone in the ordinarily highly discriminating Chapel Hill outfit made a liddy biddy slip when he published this one.

MCALISTER COLEMAN

Down to Earth

THE ROAD TO SURVIVAL. By William Vogt. William Sloane Associates. $4.

IT WAS a strange experience to read this book while the oratory from Philadelphia and the war threats from Berlin were coming over the radio. The scientist Vogt is concerned with the same problems as the politicians and the generals; but in contrast to them, he gets down to fundamentals. His book is concerned with two factors which, among others to be sure, contribute decisively to the material and moral blight that afflicts human life today: (1) The world-wide, utterly ruinous mismanagement of the very soil on which human existence on this planet depends; (2) the unprecedented increase of the human race during the past hundred and fifty years. Thanks to modern medicine and technology, the earth's population has risen from 900,000,000 at the time of the American Revolution to 2,200,000,000 today. And we are still at it, adding 50,000 daily—living on resource capital instead of on sustained land yield. If this tendency were to continue, what happens in Moscow or Washington wouldn't matter much longer. Modern civilization would perish.

Mr. Vogt's account of the systematic destruction of land—here by means of the profit-system and the waste of free enterprise, in Russia by means of bureaucratic centralization and police methods—is more frightening to me than the most sensational stories about the atomic bomb. But he is obviously no sensationalist. He is an authority on conservatism and land usage. As Chief of the Conservation section of the Pan American Union he has traveled widely, studying the causes of land erosion, dust storms, falling water levels, and related phenomena in many lands. A vivid writer, he conveys his experiences easily. He makes us see the horrible and not at all slow transition from paradise to man-made desert. Taking us from continent to continent, from country to country, he forces us to see the (vanishing) forest in spite of the trees. His findings and those of many other scientists which he quotes (the book contains a valuable reference list) will make an honest reader doubt whether he has not been wasting his time combatting symptoms which will not disappear until a sound ratio is restored between the capacity of man's food resources and the number of stomachs to be fed three times daily.

It is not possible here to go into the complexities of the reciprocal relationship between man and his environment which Mr. Vogt traces lucidly through the ages and around the globe. Nor can I do justice to his courage in letting the blows strike wherever they fall in his fight for sanity. Few of our sacred traditions and beloved prejudices remain unscathed. More important, however, are his concrete suggestions for putting a stop to excess breeding and to the abuse of the land. Here are Vogt's suggestions: 1. Take a complete inventory of the world's resource capital. 2. Extend and intensify research, which is in most countries completely inadequate and which has been hampered even in the United States by the penny-wise and pound-foolish Eightieth Congress. 3. Educate the people—make them understand the gravity of the situation, then teach them how to reduce destruction and begin restoration. 4. In action to save the land, start with the hill top and not the river bottom. 5. Institute birth control on a grand scale; develop cheaper, more dependable, and easier contraceptive devices. On this last point, Mr. Vogt is quite outspoken: "If the United States had spent two billion dollars developing such a contraceptive, instead of the atom bomb, it would have contributed far more to our national security while, at the same time, it promoted a rising living standard for the entire world."

Like Bernard M. Baruch, who writes the introduction to "Road to Survival," one may not accept all of Mr. Vogt's conclusions, one may even doubt some of his statistics, or be irritated occasionally by perhaps inadvertently cynical overtones or false political notes. But one cannot put this book away and forget it. It makes one aware of many truths which have been all but lost sight of in the usual ideological palaver. It points out the inevitability of fatal, world-wide catastrophes if man does not mend his ways, and it shows at least the direction toward survival.

FRANZ HOELLERING

"The Asbestos Basket"

OF GOOD FAMILY. By Hans Otto Storm. Swallow Press and William Morrow and Company. $3.

DAVID GREENHOOD has collected Hans Otto Storm's writings about Spanish America: a novella, "Pity the Tyrant," originally published in 1937, two short stories, several essays, some sharply observant notebooks and letters. As a whole, the book is an item in the history of cultural relations between North and South America as well as the fragmentary autobiography of an angry, right man whose exasperation was aroused, impartially, by gringo pretension and South American incompetence.

"Of Good Family," however, is chiefly important because it contains "Pity the Tyrant," a strangely objective but passionate novella *à thèse* which, so sure was Storm's art, is neither fictionalized autobiography nor straight discourse, although it is clearly based on his own experience and was written out of an intense conviction about the lot of modern man. In a letter, Storm wrote that he wanted to show "the spiritual befuddlement that goes with the decline of the middle class." The particular befuddlement he scrutinizes is that of Peruvian middle-class society as seen by an American engineer. (Storm was an electrical engineer and spent some years in Lima.) Here to be "of good family" means that one is, on no matter

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how precarious a footing, bourgeois, and so confirmed in an alienation from the Indian and cholo population. The engineer's mistress belongs to this group, and it is a token of universally collapsing and confused values that she becomes, finally, as alien to him as the cholos are to her or as he is to the typical gringo. Storm wanted his readers to recognize that "contacts between persons aren't closed circuits; they go out and out." Yet in the world of this book there is no real contact anywhere.

The closest the engineer gets to it is with his Indian assistant. He fails with his mistress; he fails with the leading Communist in Lima, who is unintelligent and whose heroics are as idle as the pretensions of middle-class gentility. He quarrels with his gringo boss because he won't help the boss, Puffguts, break a strike. Out of his need for action he challenges Puffguts to a duel. The police interfere; Puffguts apologizes; the engineer leaves the country. In no event would the duel have been dangerous, he learns, for in Peruvian affairs of honor the guns are never loaded. His mistress's experience as a worker is a parable of futility. Outraged that the same work is demanded of one of good family that is demanded of the cholos, she becomes momentarily involved in the strike; but when she quits her job she loses, automatically, all concern with the workers and returns to her meager life and her charities to the deserving poor. Just so, the engineer can only sail away from a mess he can do nothing about. He is a coward, that is, "a person who manages to be everywhere a foreigner, who with deep astuteness lays and readjusts his life and tastes so that he never will have to do anything dangerous." This is perhaps the last refuge of the bourgeois, and the final section of the book, with its preparations for the absurd duel, shows what happens when such a person proposes action.

Storm's careful examination of these fragmented lives is fortified by the constant use of symbols which give his plainspoken and angry directness—he was one of Edmund Wilson's boys in the back room—a curious poetic overtone. There are "the tyrant" dying in the fortress, much talked about and pitied by those "of good family," an old man in a silk hat, a representative of the Diaz school of Spanish American politics and a gentility that is vanishing; "the terror" of the Kafkaesque regime which has succeeded him, always spoken of in hushed tones; the mysteriously functioning "company," which has sent the engineer to perform a job, and which has, for no particular reason, hamstrung him. Finally, there is "the swell boat," the luxury steamer, on which he arrives and departs—a symbol of his class, although on it he feels an alien. But it is more than this; it is also "the asbestos basket" in which the middle class thinks itself safe in the hell of our society. It is in this use of vital symbols to illuminate a highly selective realism that the very great power of this book lies. ERNEST JONES

The British System

EXPERIMENT IN WORLD ORDER. By Paul McGuire. William Morrow and Company. $4.

THERE is so much in Mr. McGuire's book with which one can agree that one wishes his whole book were agreeable. Unluckily, it is a case of a wonderful opportunity woefully missed. In so far as it has an integrating thesis it is this: "Its effective loyalty to a community larger than the national state is in our present troubles the major lesson for the world of the Third British System." (For Third British System read the British Empire-Commonwealth, circa 1939.) If Mr. McGuire had written a closely reasoned book to support this proposition and its implications for the current difficulties of mankind, he would have produced a first-class political document. Instead, he has written a discursive, slap-dash, irritatingly opinionated, and brashly dogmatic book which will convince nobody not already of the same opinion.

For one thing, he presumes a far larger measure of ignorance of things British than exists, in America among those prepared to read $4 books, and as a result he writes "down" in a most exasperating fashion. Worse still, he simply cannot stick to his thesis, but wobbles around bumping into all sorts of topics possibly but not necessarily related—like the horrible character of life in cities and the desirability of a constantly breeding peasantry; so that the reader finds himself bogged down in side issues before the principal topic is fully disposed of. And too much of the book is pompously moralistic talky-talk, loosely expressed. Errors of fact, emphasis, and interpretation pepper the dish. All this in a good cause!

The book is not so good a defensive exposition of what the British Empire "means" as Professor Hancock's frankly propagandistic "Empire in the Changing World" (1943). As an exposition of how the empire actually functions, it cannot compare with Hancock's three-volume "Survey of British Common-

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wealth Affairs" (1937-42). As an exposition of the legal-political structure, it is vastly inferior to K. C. Wheare's "The Statute of Westminster and Dominion Status" (1938). And as an essay on the dominions it is ludicrously below Alexander Brady's "Democracy in the Dominions" (1947). An inexhaustible flow of words is no substitute for hard work.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

Strategy for Action

THE MORE PERFECT UNION. By R. M. MacIver. The Macmillan Company. $4.

IN THIS compact, carefully argued volume, Dr. MacIver has undertaken a most important assignment, namely, to fashion a social strategy for use in the fight against discrimination. To date, most of the writing about discrimination has been descriptive, exploratory, theoretical—the assembling of materials for a program of social action. The preliminary spade work having been performed, Dr. MacIver enters the field as the social engineer, the technician, to formulate a guide for action. After carefully scrutinizing the results of previous research, he has dredged out a clear passage into which the sentiment, energy, and interest which have been aroused in the problem may now be channeled. It is a task of the utmost importance, and he has discharged it in a highly competent manner. He discusses social tactics on three fronts—the economic, the political, the educational—and then outlines point by point the over-all strategy which should be adopted. The whole volume is so closely reasoned that it is quite impossible to single out special items for comment in a short review. Here is an indispensable guide for those who are actively engaged on one or another of the various "fronts" in this far-flung engagement. Included as Appendix Two is a brilliant analysis of Social Science and Social Action, in which the reluctance of most American social scientists to take an active part in policy formulation is subjected to a sharp and thoroughly justified criticism.

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Music

B. H. HAGGIN

FROM English Decca comes a recording of Mozart's Piano Concerto K.488 in A major, one of the finest in that wonderful series, with a first movement characteristic in its mingled loveliness, grace, and poignancy, one of Mozart's most affecting slow movements (in the unusual key of F sharp minor), and a finale with delightful touches of suave humor (Set 53, $7.35). The kind of piano-playing Clifford Curzon is capable of one hears in the life he creates in the first-movement cadenza with his sharp-contoured phrasing: he is, unmistakably, a highly accomplished pianist and musician who, for some reason, chooses to underplay all through the rest of the work—the slow movement losing most from his pallid treatment of it. However, the orchestral part, which is as active, and as delightfully so, as the piano part, is well played by the National Symphony under Boyd Neel; and the playing together of pianist and orchestra is good. As recorded, the orchestra is not heard clearly in ensemble passages; and the piano is a little weak in treble and lacks the rich resonance it has in the best piano recording. But even with its defects this is on the whole a better version than those previously available.

Another Decca set (52, $7.35) offers Stravinsky's "Symphony of Psalms," excellently performed by the London Philharmonic Orchestra and Choir under Ansermet. I still find the fugal middle movement horrid; but I am more impressed and moved than I used to be by the first and last movements. Like Verdi in his Requiem, Stravinsky writing music to religious texts can write only as he writes at all times—as a composer of dramatic music. There are, then, again the dramatic ostinatos, which are again exciting, and which impart this dramatic excitement to the sober Latin words.

And finally a set (55, $11.55) of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony played by the National Symphony under Fistoulari. The first movement is relaxed, but with strength imparted to it by the steadiness of pace and the sustained impetus and continuity (the horns are a little sour in one attack in the coda). There are similar steadiness and control in the second—up to the coda, where a slowing down begins that spoils the excellent effect up to that point. The scherzo is well done; the finale doesn't have the crescendos of intensity one has heard in that movement. The performance is well reproduced except that the violins are outweighed by the rest of the orchestra in the climax of the first section of the second movement.

From Columbia there is a set (X-298, $2.90) of a Bach Fantasia and Fugue in D, played on the piano by Guiomar Novaës, which we have known as Toccata and Fugue—or merely Toccata—in D, previously recorded by Schnabel, Landowska, and Pessl. Its fast sections can be engaging, its slow ones moving; but for this they need more than the gentle rippling-off they get on these records. The performance is reproduced with clarity.

From Columbia there is also a set (X-297, $3.50) of the Three Dances from Falla's music for "The Three-Cornered Hat," recorded in England by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Alceo Galliera. The first two—"The Neighbors" and "Dance of the Miller"—make good listening; the Final Dance needs the stage action to make it hold together. Performance and recording are good.

And from RCA Victor there is a set (DM-1214, $4.75) of Four Dance Episodes from Copland's "Rodeo" and the Waltz from his "Billy the Kid," played by the Dallas Symphony under Dorati. "Buckaroo Holiday," the first of the "Rodeo" excerpts, needs the stage action to carry its episodic style at such length; but "Corral Nocturne," "Saturday Night Waltz," and "Hoe-Down" are beautiful and effective by themselves; and the Waltz from "Billy the Kid" is one of the loveliest things in the score. The playing is brash and insensitive; and I find the pace of "Saturday Night Waltz" too slow even for listening—to say nothing of dancing. The recorded sound of the orchestra is also a little coarse in its brilliance.

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Letters to the Editors

A Golden Opportunity for Peace in Greece

Dear Sirs: It would be regrettable if the present opportunity to bring peace to Greece should be lost through the efforts of those who have a vested interest in the conflict or of the diehards of the Greek General Staff and the élite community of Kolonaki, who perhaps believe that Markos's peace offer is a sign of his weakening and that now is the time therefore to destroy him and his followers, once and for all.

You cannot wipe out a political, social, or even a religious movement by fighting it; if you to destroy it, you must destroy its breeding-ground and the things that gave it birth. If every one of Markos's followers were killed, with any amount of ferocity, it would not solve the problem of Greece. Anyone who thinks that Franco has solved the Spanish problem should visit Spain, as I did recently.

In the case of Greece, let me illustrate what I mean by an incident of which I have personal knowledge. Near the village of Pyrgos in the southern Peloponnesus, I knew an aged and respectable landholder, Athanassios P————, the proud father of four sons. His youngest son had gone to Athens University, where, in common with most students in law and economics, he embraced socialism and became a member of E. L. D. I believe that, under the influence of E. A. M., with which he fought during the occupation, he turned toward the Communists. When I met his father, late in 1946, the boy was with a rebel band in the Taygetus mountains. The old man was enraged with his son, and told me that, if he caught him, he would kill the boy with his own hands. Fate decided otherwise. In February, 1947, the boy was captured by the gendarmerie during an abortive rebel raid on Sparta. Before seventy-two hours had passed, the youngster was executed, and his head was stuck up on a pole in Tripolis. The day after the execution, his father and his three brothers went to the mountains, where they are fighting to this day against the government forces.

What is the aim of Western democracy? If it is to bring about political peace in Greece so that economic recovery may take place, the chance now offered should not be thrown away. The United Nations have a wonderful opportunity to take positive action. They can appoint a mediator to draw up a truce and search for means of reconciling the views of both sides. Here is a chance for Western democracy to demonstrate its merits. If, on the other hand, it insists on destroying the forces in Greece opposed to its ideas, then all of the countries at present opposed to Western democracy must remain that way forever, for fear of abandoning to sure death their present leaders and the thousands of people who support them.

One of the first tasks of a mediator would be to bring into being a purely Greek government, free from outside interference, which could honestly carry out the terms of the truce agreement and insure sufficient domestic tranqility to make honest elections feasible. In my article in *The Nation* of December 6, Griswold's Last Chance, I suggested that this could be accomplished by a coalition of Plastiras and Sophianopoulos. I still believe that such a coalition is the basis for a solution. Quite recently, General Plastiras formed a new party called the Reconstruction Party (Anothotikon Komma). If he would agree to collaborate, on terms of reasonable equality in authority and responsibility, with Sophianopolous or a similar liberal, he would remove from himself the stigma of desiring a personal dictatorship and he would receive such popular support as would surprise him.

The Greek man-in-the-street is utterly sick of war. But he cannot remove the political leaders who have promulgated and carried out the policy of civil war for the last four years. There are probably only three events which could remove those leaders: change of attitude in the American Mission; a Markos victory; or the arrival of economic chaos, with starvation, bitterness, and the destruction of all moral and social virtues. One of these three things must take place eventually, if the U. N. does not intervene first. The longer we delay in Greece, the greater will be the mess to clean up, and the greater the consequent misery. Here is, indeed, a great responsibility upon the people of the United States and their chosen leaders.

In conclusion, I can only hope, with Lincoln, that "Peace will soon come and come to stay, and so come as to be worth keeping in all future time. It will then have been proved that among free men there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and that they who take such appeal are sure to lose their cases and pay the cost."

A. W. SHEPPARD

London, July 15

[*Colonel Sheppard was head of the British Economic Mission in northern Green in 1946-47. Before that, he was on the staff of UNRRA in Greece.*—EDITORS THE NATION]

A New, Improved System

Dear Sirs: An election like the one that is upon us calls for a constitutional amendment, and I am willing to let *The Nation* take credit for presenting it to the country.

The procedure we have now enables people to vote *for* a candidate. But who wants to vote for any of the candidates this year? What we need is a method for voting *against* them.

It's all very well to say this is a good year for a protest vote, but with three men in the field—four counting Norman Thomas—there is no way of telling who it is the voters are protesting against. A vote for Dewey is a vote against Truman—or Wallace. A vote for Wallace is a vote against Dewey—or Truman. And a vote for Thomas is just a vote against.

Now my plan is that the ballot be clearly marked "Vote Against One," the nominee with the lowest vote to be declared the winner. In this way we will have a real democratic choice of evils. The Wallaceites, instead of automatically giving the election to Dewey, will

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be able to choose between him and Truman. The Democrats can split clean along left-right lines. And the Republicans might leave Truman alone to get at Wallace. In all the excitement Norman Thomas might win. And in any case, think of how it would bring out the vote.

GABRIEL GAFFNEY

Chilicothe, Ohio, July 13

Premature Victory

Dear Sirs: My telegram to you in *The Nation* of May 29, announcing the fact that Eleanor Dushane, the persecuted Buffalo high-school teacher, had won *mandamus* proceedings, was, I am afraid, a bit premature. The Buffalo School Board, learning nothing from its experiences of the last few months, has entered an appeal.

It is unfortunate that my telegram gave the impression that the case is over. The need for support is, if anything, greater than before. Your readers' help is still more than welcome, and our address is still 71 Woodlawn Avenue, Buffalo.

BARTON BEAN, Chairman,
Buffalo Committee to Defend
American Education

Buffalo, N. Y., July 15

Clothes for Freedom

Dear Sirs: For fifteen years the International Rescue and Relief Committee has devoted its efforts to helping the desperate and needy members of Europe's democratic resistance movements —Spanish Republicans, former concentration-camp inmates, and liberal and intellectual refugees from totalitarian persecution.

Today, while Americans have stored away their winter clothes, many of these courageous men and women continue to gather bits of coal and scraps of clothing to keep them warm in another winter. If your readers can spare, or sacrifice, such items, particularly men's and children's shoes and clothing, they would be helping the cause of peace and freedom by sending them to the warehouse of the I. R. R. C., 130 Orchard Street, New York 2, N. Y.

L. HOLLINGSWORTH WOOD

New York, July 14

Frank W. Lewis's Crossword Puzzle has been omitted from this issue for lack of space. It will reappear next week.

CONTRIBUTORS

ROLFE HUMPHRIES has published several books of poetry. The latest is "Forbid Thy Ravens."

MCALISTER COLEMAN, left-wing journalist, is the author of "Men and Coal."

FRANZ HOELLERING is the author of two novels, "The Defenders" and "Furlough."

ERNEST JONES is a member of the English Department at Queens College.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS is the author of "A Mask for Privilege: Anti-Semitism in America."

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